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Advanced Dungeons & Dragons

DRAGONLANCE

Official Game Adventure

Dragons of Flame

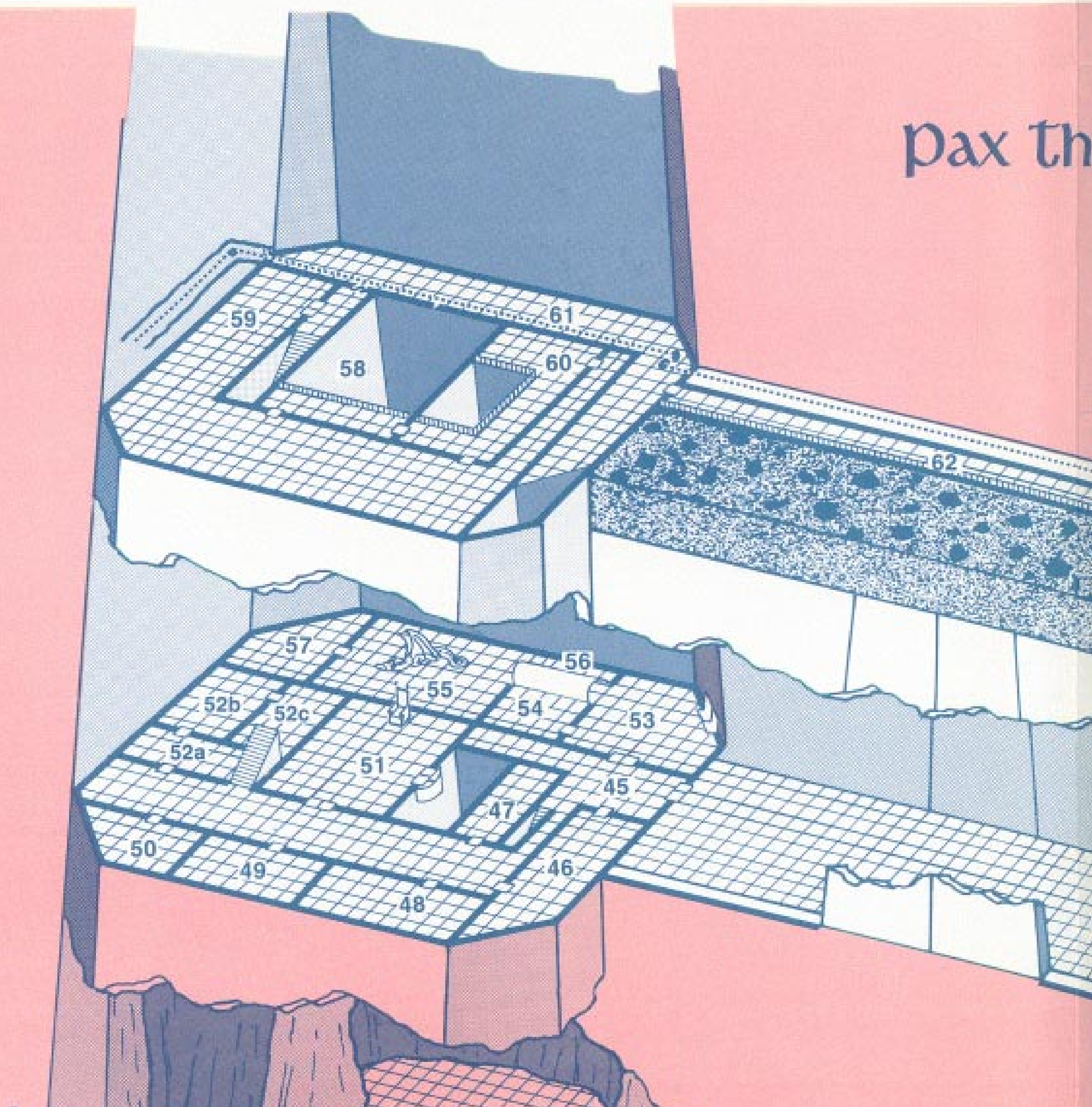
by Douglas Niles



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Advanced Dungeons & Dragons

DRAGONLANCE

Official Game Adventure

Dragons of Flame

by Douglas Niles

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These are the Innfellows, the heroes of DRAGONLANCE

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PROLOGUE

Let your mind float free, Dungeonmaster; cast your thoughts toward the troubled world of Krynn—to the Age of Despair after the great Cataclysm that brought ancient civilization to an end. Now Krynn is threatened once again: this time by the domination of the Dragonlords and their inhuman minions. Now, Dungeonmaster, enter the mind of Astinus of Palanthus, Lorekeeper of Krynn, who sighs as he rises from the crystal globe of wisdom, weary from traveling the world in his spirit form, weary from following the trails of history to their ends. Slowly he stands, and shuffles across the floor to a table piled high with parchment scrolls. He dips a quill pen into an inkpot, and begins once more to scribe. . .

. . . *from the* Iconochronos *o Astinus of Palanthus, Lorekeeper of Krynn, in the 351st year after the Cataclysm.*

. . . Darkness has fallen over this world, poor, suffering Krynn. Thus it has been since the great Cataclysm, when the old world fell. Curse the High Priest of Istar, whose pride caused him to give orders to the True Gods, rather than to ask humbly for their aid. For the Gods punished Krynn for this blasphemy, and much was forever lost. Lost were the great cities, the accumulated wisdom and knowledge of many generations. Lost as well was all knowledge of the True Gods, and mankind sank into idolatry. Clerics lost their power, and mankind lost hope for its salvation.

But hope always springs from the most modest of causes, and so it was that the Innfellows began the salvation of Krynn. Originally there were seven: Tanis, Kitiara, Flint, Tasslehoff, Raistlin, Caramon, and Sturm. Five years ago they set out from the Inn *of the Last Home, seeking knowledge of the True Gods. In five years they found nothing, and so all returned to the sleepy town of Solace, the tree-city built in a Vallenwood grove. All returned save one: Kitiara the beautiful, whose whereabouts are yet unknown.*

Tanis was the leader, a half-elf born of an elf mother who was taken by a human turned savage in the terrible times that followed the Cataclysm. The elves took him in, and he was raised in Qualinesti, elf home. But he is ever torn between his human and elf halves, and has found the wanderlust strong within him. He has roamed the world and seen much, yet his heart is split between the fiery Kitiara, a human woman, and the elf maid Laurana.

Caramon and Raistlin are twins—yet unlike as night and day. Caramon is bright, Raistlin is dark. Carmamon is a fighter of great strength and courage; Raistlin is a sorcerer gone cynical, a doubter. They have survived great and terrible trials. The tests that Raistlin underwent to become a sorcerer left him with skin the color of worthless gold and pupils the shape of hourglasses—he sees the constant, terrible effects of time.

Sturm Brightblade was the son of a Knight of Solamnia raised in secrecy. Now taking up the mantle of his father, his most puissant knightly aim is to die nobly in a battle against his enemies. His motto is Perunde oc cadaver— *Obedience Unto Death. He is a man of military bearing, of great dignity, and of power—a true knight.*

Flint Fireforge is a fighter of the Hill Dwarf race, distrustful of all—including other dwarven races (especially the cursed Aghar, the Gully Dwarves). Now of grandfatherly age, he is but two dwarven generations removed from the great Cataclysm itself! His family was killed through the neglect of the Mountain Dwarves, and now he seeks to avenge his people.

Tasslenhoff Burrfoot is a Handler (I would say thief) of the Kenderpeople, a halfling in size but a giant in curiosity He is a treasure of odd information, of useful insights, and of clever solutions to knotty problems.

These were the original Innfellows, but the puzzle was not yet complete. For, on the day of their return to Solace, they met Goldmoon, a princess of the Que-Shu tribe, and her lover Riverwind, a Ranger of great strength and few words. Riverwind, a poor man's son, had quested far to prove the worth of his love to Goldmoon's father. After many trials, he obtained the Blue Crystal Staff that belonged to the Goddess Mishakal. His tribe nearly stoned him to death, not recognizing the power of the staff, but when Goldmoon came to die with him, the staff transported them away.

Fate was at work. The True Gods, working through subtlety, as is their wont, had begun the redemption of Krynn.

Yet good cannot triumph over *evil before evil has had its day. From the north, the dragonarmies marched, laying waste to the land and enslaving the people. Solace, Gateway, and even the ancient elfhome of Qualinesti lay in their path.*

Was the meeting of the Innfellows and Goldmoon and Riverwind chance or fate? No one knows but the Gods. But however it happened, it proved to be the first key to the salvation of Krynn.

The Heroes, led by Tanis, first found the Forestmaster of the Darken Wood, a unicorn of great wisdom. And so they learned of Xak Tsaroth, an ancient city fallen to evil. Now occupied by draconians, the mysterious, evil servants of the Dragonlords, Xak Tsaroth proved to *be the home of the darkest of evil: Onyx, a Black Dragon.*

Ah, you say. A Dragon. A creature of myth. The great serpents are only tales with which to frighten young children, you think. Yet though dragons have not entered Krynn in over one thousand years, they have returned. How have the Dragonlords brought the serpents into Krynn? How have they gained such power? How can mere man stand against an army of dragons? These questions plague me, and I cannot sleep.

But the power of the True Gods shone forth. The Crystal Staff was blessed by the Goddess Mishakal, whose great power is that of Healing. The crystal staff destroyed the dragon onyx, and so were discovered the Disks of the Gods, which brought knowledge of the True Gods back to Krynn.

And miracle of miracles. Goldmoon became the first true Cleric of Krynn after many dark centuries! Truly fate has shined upon us.

But even now, as the weary adventurers journey back toward the imagined safety of Solace, the Dragonlords' armies are on the march. Solace has been laid waste. Even mighty Pax Tharkas has fallen to *the invaders. Imprisoned there are the families of many brave northmen, hostages for fathers and husbands toiling in the iron mines surrounding that fortress.*

Where will the heroes, armed with scant knowledge, go from here? They must hurry, else Krynn is doomed.

Although weary, I must keep watching. I shall return to *my golden chair, once again gaze into the crystal globe, and let my spirit join the Innfellows on their quest. . .*

Here ends this chapter of the **Iconochronos.**

"Dragons of Flame" is the second in the epic DRAGONLANCE™ series, and is designed as a sequel to DL1: "Dragons of Despair."

DRAGONLANCE is a story. The modules in the series should ideally be played as a whole, a continuing saga. Players may take on the roles of characters in this epic quest; the character information on pages 17-18 may be given to the players. (Permission is hereby granted to copy pages 17-18 only for personal use in playing this module) You may also choose to allow players to bring their own existing characters into the game. If so, you

will need to adjust certain characteristics to bring your characters in line with the world of Krynn, which is different from many AD&D™ adventure settings.

If you allow players to bring in their own characters, but still want to play out the DRAGONLANCE epic, the following DRAGONLANCE characters must be either player characters (PCs) or non-player characters (NPCs) active in the story: Tanis, Goldmoon, Caramon, and Raistlin. (The player playing Goldmoon should always play Riverwind as a Henchman NPC; Caramon and Raistlin may be played by the same person if necessary.) Tika Waylan and Gilthanas the Elf are initially encountered as NPCs, but may be taken by players thereafter and used as PCs for the rest of the epic.

You may also choose to adapt the settings and encounters in this module to fit your own campaign, and not play this as part of the DRAGONLANCE series. In doing so, you will lose much of the richness of this world, but may use the material as you see fit.

The World of Krynn

There are important differences between the world of Krynn and standard AD&D campaigns. Characters who adventured in "Dragons of Despair" (DL1) will know most of the following information. Those players and characters new to the world should be given the following background.

True clerics have been unknown in Krynn for centuries. There are clerics, but they do not have spell powers since they worship false gods. In DL1, the adventurers gained knowledge of the gods, and Goldmoon has become the first true cleric (with spell use) since the Cataclysm. Goldmoon wears a Medallion of Faith bearing the symbol of the Goddess Mishakal. (Any PC cleric brought in from outside the DRAGONLANCE milieu should serve the Goddess Mishakal, and wear a Medallion of Faith.) When a new true cleric comes into being (as Elistan does in the next module), the Medallion magically duplicates itself, and the new Medallion bears the sign of the god that cleric worships (in Elistan's case, the God Paladine).

All PC elves in this adventure are Qualinesti elves. Other elves — the Sylvanesti—will appear in later DRAGONLANCE modules.

The equivalent of a halfling in this world is called a Kender. Kender look like wizened 14-year-olds and, unlike halflings, they wear shoes. These folk have two special abilities (in addition to the usual halfling abilities):

1. *Taunt*. Kender are master at enraging other by verbal abuse. Any creature the Kender taunts must save vs. Spells or attack wildly at once for 1-10 rounds at a -2 penalty to hit and a +2 penalty to their armor class.
2. *Fearlessness*. Kender are immune to fear, either magical or non-magical. They are, however, curious about everything: a tendency that often gets them into trouble.

Of course, PC elves and halflings will be aware of the above information.

Gold is nearly valueless in the world of Krynn. Steel (abbreviated "stl") is the basic trade metal. One steel (stl) is the same weight as 1 gp. See DL1 for details. PCs that enter Krynn from other campaign environments may find their personal wealth drastically altered.

Finally, dragons have been absent from Krynn for nearly 1,000 years. They are considered merely legends by all who have not personally beheld them. Characters may be thought foolish, or liars, if they talk about dragons to the wrong people.

Dungeonmaster Notes

DRAGONLANCE is a complex epic, filled with detail, legend and history not found in most modules. To run this module properly, you must think of it as a story, and try to motivate your players subtly to follow the right path. It is particularly important that you read the module several times, visualize the story, and think about the different things your players might do. No matter what, it will be necessary for you to improvise and *ad lib* from time to time. Successful improvisation is the sign of a good Dungeonmaster.

This module introduces several enemy NPCs, members of the Dragonarmies. Since these NPCs appear in later DRAGONLANCE modules, try to make them have "obscure deaths" if they are killed: if at all possible, their bodies should not be found. Then, when the NPCs appear in later modules, you have a chance to explain their presence. Be creative; think up an explanation for their "miraculous" survival. The same rule applies to the PCs on pages 17-18. Most of them have roles in future modules, and must be able to return to life somehow. This does not apply to PCs other than those who are part of the story.

The text of the module refers to player characters in various shorthand forms: PCs, adventurers and/or heroes. Read boxed text sections aloud to your players.

If you are playing DL2 without having played DLl, you must get your group embarked on a journey to the tree-city of Solace. They should hear tales of this elegant community, and perhaps find that it lies directly in their path. In particular, a trusted NPC should tell them about the magnificent hospitality and good cheer offered by the Inn of the Last Home. This NPC should also mention Tika Waylan as an old and trustworthy friend.

Once this background is established, the adventure begins with encounter 1 below (Que Kiri).

The first 24 numbered encounters and events in the module occur at various times and in various sequences, depending on the decisions the players make. Things are happening rapidly in Krynn: the draconian army is invading from almost all directions, and certain things should happen to the characters whatever path they take across the wilderness.

However, when the adventure "moves indoors" into Sla-Mori and Pax Tharkas, it is structured more like a traditional dungeon adventure. This is to reflect the more stable nature of the ancient Sla-Mori and the well-organized draconian fortress.

At certain times in the adventure, characters may have to make a Characteristic Check. If such a Check is necessary, the player rolls a d20. If the result is equal to or less than the PC's ability score in the area called for in the check (Strength, Wisdom, Dexterity, etc.), the check succeeds.

The third panel of the module cover contains a color map of the area where these adventures take place. Refer to this map throughout the adventure, and show it to the players when the heroes are talking to the elven speaker in Qualinesti.

Chapter 5: Que Kiri and the Plains



Start the characters at the spot marked "X" on the area map. They are moving westward on a cloudy, chill afternoon.

> Great pillars of smoke rise from beyond the Sentinel Peaks—a grim sign that there is trouble in Solace. How much of the once-mighty forest of vallenwood trees has fallen to fire? The grasslands that stretch toward Que Kiri—a town at the gap in the mountains—are hot and dry. The smoke adds an eerie touch of darkness to the autumn afternoon.
>
> "Your journey is not complete; you must leave here, must search for a true Leader of the People." This strange message, spoken through the statue of the goddess Mishakal, suggests that your mission is far from over. Where in the vast world of Krynn will this search lead?
>
> Here on the barren Plains of Abanasinia, the late autumn wind bites sharply. The yellow-brown grass withers in the rushing cold, but the feeling is much more disturbing than that of a normal change of seasons.
>
> At many places, the plains are marked by the tracks of crude, two-wheeled carts and many clawed footprints. Thousands must have passed this way. Nothing is alive here—neither the wild animals that normally inhabit these areas nor the occasional settler scratching a living from the harsh land.
>
> Most ominous of all these signs are the great black scars stretching for hundreds of yards along the ground, often through the charred remains of farmhouses. Fire has gutted and collapsed these dwellings. The thick smell of death and decay fills the air, and even the wind is silent.

The PCs should have no random encounters during this trek, since the Dragonlords' army has laid waste to the area. As the PCs approach Solace, this army is sacking the southern cities of Gateway and Que-Teh and advancing to the White-rage River. To the South, they have seized the fortress of Pax Tharkas, aided by treachery from within the citadel. Even now, their slaves are working the Tharkadan mines.

1. The Witness

> Que Kiri is almost as barren as the surrounding plains. Most of the buildings are shattered and burned, and many blackened bodies sprawl in the empty streets. The air is hot and thick, laced with the odor of ash and decay.
>
> Splintered timbers and scorched stones litter the narrow streets, and smoke drifts through the abandoned town. Everything is dead and silent. Suddenly, a faint groan rises from behind some collapsed beams.

The groan comes from a badly burned old man who lies at the verge of death. If the PCs investigate immediately, they find him before he dies. If they wait more than a round, however, they are too late.

The old man lies under the wreckage of an inn, the heavy crossbeam pinning his legs to the ground. In addition to his burns, he has lost much blood. The man has just been blinded, so the PCs must make noise to alert him to their presence.

The old man is very confused and frightened. His pattern of speech is jerky and halting, but he says this:

> "Didn't you see it? You must have seen it! From the north...they came from the north! From between the mountains. First the terrors that rode the great wyrms...they came into our town and fear filled our breasts. We fought, though. Yes! We fought long and hard, but still more of them came on leather wings...straight out of the old legends they came, fire splashing like waves over our homes.
>
> Many fled...many died. Those who ran fell among the small demons—man-sized but looking like their larger masters. I don't know where they took my people...I was too clever for them. I hid! Yes, I hid!
>
> When shall my people return? What shall become of my garden?"

These are the old man's last words. Treat his hit points as -10 at this point; if a PC cleric performs a cure that brings him to at least 1 hp, he revives. However, he will lose 1 hp/turn and have no further memory of his experience. Eventually he dies.

2. The Draconians

Nine draconians still skulk in the wreckage of Que Kiri, concealed in some rubble in the center of the town. They attack the PCs at some point. If the characters seek out and listen to the old man, this attack occurs as soon as he dies; if they do not find the man, have the draconians attack at any time when the party is in the ruined town.

9 Kapak Draconians. AL LE; MV 6"[15"]/18"; hp 14 each; HD 3; #AT 1 (shortsword); Dmg 1-6 + poison; acid pool

The Kapaks are overconfident from their recent victories: they toy with the PCs before attacking. The monsters emerge into plain sight 180' from the PCs and then pause a round. They lick their swords with long, reptilian tongues. (This envenoms the blade for 3 rounds.) The next round, using their wings to accelerate the charge, the draconians attack. They fight to the death.

See the complete description of these monsters in Appendix 3: Monsters, Creatures and Men.

3. Journeys Across the Land

If the PCs decide to continue to Solace, go to Chapter 6: Solace. Read the opening encounter as the party crests the pass in the Sentinel Peaks between Que Kiri and Solace.

If the heroes decide to spend the night here, begin to make wandering monster checks immediately. This reflects the growing tide of scavenging creatures following the Dragonlords' army from a distance. Treat Que Kiri and areas just east of it as plains; the PCs reach mountains as soon as they leave the town toward the west. The dragonmen have conquered all of the areas off the north and east map edges. If the PCs leave the map at these edges, move immediately to event 5: "Captured!"

4. The Dragonlands

At the start of this adventure, the dragonarmies have conquered all of the lands on the map except Qualinesti. Although folk still live in these areas, the Dragonlords have absolute power. If the PCs wander through these areas, let several days pass with the usual random encounters, then go to encounter 5: "Captured!"

All villages and towns outside of Qualinesti have been captured and damaged, but most have not been entirely destroyed. Que Kiri, New Ports, and Que Teh have been razed: no buildings stand and no original inhabitants remain. Treat these areas as "ruins" for random encounters.

All other communities are in similar shape to Solace: they have been conquered, losing some buildings and some people. A few businesses and farms survive to provide services for the dragonarmies. The conquerors terrorize the people: for example, draconians may use a farmer's family as hostages to force him to help feed the dragonarmies. Treat these areas as "towns" for random encounter checks.

5. Captured!

This encounter returns the PCs to their epic path if they stray or dally. Run the encounter when the party is in open terrain (plains or low mountains) and has no place to hide.

> Two specks of crimson approach in the far northern sky. As they rush south they seem to grow, forming mighty engines of death—red dragons. The monsters dive swiftly, and upon their backs sit creatures who seem to be a miniature version of the terrible steeds. The riders' faces bear a look of serpentine evil: lizardlike faces and cold, gleaming eyes.
>
> The dragons land less than 100' away. From the one of the riders, a hollow, metallic voice rings:
>
> "Drop your weapons, little mortals, or you shall feel the heat of my pet in anger." He strokes his dragon's broad neck. Both dragons bellow menacingly; their eyes glitter, and wisps of smoke curl from their nostrils.

2 Old Red Dragons AL CE; MV 9"/124"; hp 60 each; AC -1; HD 10; #AT 3 or breath; Dmg 1-8/1-8/3-30

2 Kapak Draconian Riders. AL LE; MV 6"[15"]/18"; hp 13,16; AC4; HD 3; #AT 1 (longsword); Dmg 1-6 + poison; acid pool

The dragonriders will try to capture the heroes if at all possible, but they are willing to fight to the death.

Within an hour of their capture, the heroes will be surrounded by several hundred Kapak Draconians. Their weapons and other possessions are removed and they are loaded into a huge wheeled cage and taken to Solace. There they will become part of the caravan to the south. Go to Chapter 7: The Slave Caravan.

At Solace, Tika Waylan, Theros Ironfeld and the elf Gilthanas are thrown into the cage with the PCs.



Chapter 6: Solace

Begin this section when the heroes reach the pass in the mountains just east of Solace.

> The scene bears no resemblance to the lofty forest that was here only a week ago. The beautiful and legendary vallenwood trees have been hacked, uprooted, and burned. Only a few of the mighty trees still stand among a vast ruin of blackened branches and low, thick stumps.
>
> The elegant tree-city of Solace is now only a few ramshackle huts on the ground amidst the wreckage. South of the city, strange creatures are building a tall pole fence. Apparently they intend to fence in the ravaged community.
>
> In a central square cleared of scorched branches and smashed homes, many blackened stakes have been driven into the ground, like a dark parody of some ancient temple of the true gods.
>
> Unlike Que-Kiri, however, Solace is not a ghost town. A few lights twinkle in the windows of some of the buildings, and humans, dwarves, and elves can all be seen aiding in the construction of the fence. They seem to be taking orders from a number of whip-wielding dragonmen. Many other bands of dragonmen are visible poking through the brush of the fallen trees. These bands are heavily armed, and seem to be organized into patrols.

As darkness falls, lights begin to flicker in a number of buildings in town. If the PCs ask, tell them that the guard patrols seem to be casual and unorganized. It seems as though slipping by the patrol and into town would be fairly easy.

In fact, the PCs can get to the Inn of the Last Home without incident, unless they are downright belligerent toward draconian guards. In this case, use the Random Encounter Table (nos. 4 or 21) for an encounter with Kapak draconians.

Once the PCs are in the town, they can see the remains of the Last Home Inn, once lodged in the branches of a vallenwood tree, sitting somewhat awkwardly on the ground. Now only half remains, but makeshift walls and kitchen allow it to be open for business.

Many other buildings sprawl on the ground, most of them smashed beyond recognition. Fires smolder here and there amid the wreckage, and survivors scratch through the rubble in search of a few former possessions. Moans of pain and the cries of babies carry through the town.

Very few healthy men remain in town; those who survived the invasion now work the mines of Pax Tharkas. Most of the inhabitants are too old to fight, or are the widows and children of soldiers killed in the war.

The only businesses other than the Last Home Inn that have survived are a large blacksmith shop which was always on the ground and a battered general store which apparently landed on its side and was righted. Dragonmen have taken over these two places.

Frequent patrols of dragonmen wander the streets of Solace, more concerned with bullying lone peasants or carousing with their comrades than with guard duty. If the PCs do not start any trouble and do not display weapons, the draconians do not bother them. If, however, the PCs act belligerent or show weapons, the guards attack them: consult the Random Encounter Table for a battle with Kapak Draconians (Nos. 4 or 21).

If the PCs do fight the draconians in the streets, they will find themselves surrounded by over 100 Kapak reinforcements when the battle is over. The Kapak will disarm them and load them into a cage of the slave caravan. Go to Chapter 7: The Slave Caravan.

6. The Inn of the Last Home

Use the map on page 15 to run this encounter. The map is scaled for use with miniatures; if you wish you may remove it from the book and place the miniatures right on the page.

A smoky fire struggles in the blackened stove, feebly challenging the gloom in the town. In sharp contrast to the usual lively crowd, the few patrons present are lost in their own thoughts. No one smiles, nor does anyone seem interested in the arrival of a few more customers.

A thin, cloaked figure sits alone at a table near the door, an untouched glass of ale before him. Three old men crouch above a table in the back of the inn, staring silently at the dirty tabletop. The usually bustling inn is otherwise empty.

One familiar note carries good cheer with it, however: the aroma drifting from the kitchen—a mixture of onions, chives, garlic, and mysterious herbs-shows that Otik Sandath still rules the realm of cooking. The cheery sizzling can only mean that his famous spiced potatoes are heating even now over glowing coals.

Suddenly the door of the makeshift kitchen bursts open, and the spill of torchlight outlines the figure of Tika the barmaid. She holds a steaming pan in her right hand, a foaming pitcher in her left. "Sit down!" she orders, her loud voice out of place in the somber town. "Git somethin' to eat—you look like a pack of starved rats." Her voice falls as she approaches: "and then we've got to talk."

Tika guides the party to a table in the rear, away from the few customers. After serving the PCs whatever they order, she pulls a chair to the table and sits in it. She sets a heavy iron pan full of steaming potatoes next to her, after she sees that everyone gets a portion.

NPC Capsule:
Tika Waylan (Pan-Wielder). Human; F4 (former T3); AL NG; S14, 19, Wl6, Dl2, C13, Chlo; MV 12"; hp 22; AC 8
Carries a heavy pan (Dmg 1-8) and a dagger. Has standard level 3 Thief Skills.

Curly auburn hair tumbles around Tika's lightly freckled face. Her striking green eyes match her low-cut blouse, and the kulots tucked into her boots allow her great freedom of movement. A fur trimmed leather vest actually doubles as effective leather armor if she gets involved in unexpected trouble. She wears a gold ring on a chain around her neck.

Tika is a brash young barmaid who looks older than her 19 years. Rough living has hardened her, and she presents a tough image as insulation against her sense of vulnerability. Indeed she has certain child-like qualities: a fascination with magic and a fear of heights. Formerly quite happy at the Inn of the Last Home, she now nurses a bitter hatred toward the dragonmen who have invaded her home. She realizes that it is just a question of time before her patience with the brutal conquerors wears out and she does something rash and foolish.

Tika is a former 3rd level thief.

Tika fidgets in her chair and looks over her shoulder at every sound. She whispers that she wants to leave Solace and accompany the PCs on their journeys. She quietly leads the conversation around to this topic, pretending to be bored with life in town. This "boredom" disguises her very real fear of the dragonmen. As the PCs talk with Tika, move directly into encounter #7 below.

7. Unwelcome Guests

Shortly after the conversation begins, 5 Kapak Draconians burst into the Inn, sit down at a table near the PCs, and loudly demand service. Tika grimaces and rises to wait on them, doing her best to ignore their crude behavior.

While the barmaid spoons potatoes from her large pan, the cloaked figure who was seated near the door rises and approaches the PCs. The robe still covers his head and most of his face, but as he passes the draconians, one of them pulls the garment off to reveal a handsome elf. At once the invaders begin to shove the unfortunate character around, gleefully bullying him.

No matter what the PCs do, Tika has had enough of this bullying. With a scream of rage, she slams the pan down on the head of one draconian, automatically hitting him for double the normal damage (2-16).

5 Kapak Draconians. AL LE; MV 6"[15"]/18"; hp 14 each; AC 4; HD 3; #AT 1 (shortsword); Dmg 1-6 + possible poison; acid pool

If the PCs join in, a melee obviously begins. Any dragonman who spends a round in which PCs or friendly NPCs do not attack him will lick his blade to envenom the weapon for 3 rounds.

If the PCs do not come to Tika's aid, the dragonmen subdued her quickly and carry her out of the Inn. The PCs will next meet her in the cage on the caravan to Pax Tharkas.

8. Prisoners of the Guard

Read this passage to the players after Tika has been arrested, or, if the players have come to her aid, immediately after the melee in the Inn:

Heavy feet clatter outside, and eerie torchlight flickers through chinks in the doorway and wall. Suddenly the door splinters inward, and a crowd of draconians bursts into the room.

Leading the band is a swaggering ugly hobgoblin, the stench of his unwashed body preceeding him by several feet. He sneers as he advances across the room, flanked by four solid draconians to either side. Beyond, dozens more of the creatures stand in the sinister light of their own torches.

NPC Capsule:
Fewmaster Toede, Subcommander in Dragonlord's Northern Army. Hobgoblin; F4; ALLE; Sl6,18, Wll Dlo, Cl6; Ch6; MV 12"; hp 22; can leap up to 30'
Carries short sword, dagger, shield. Wears studded leather armor.

Toede's wispy white hair tops a very ugly face. His speckled gray skin, double chins, and pot belly all resemble those of a vicious little toad.

Toede is a bully. He snivels and whines around superiors, but is full of bluster and threats when he has the upper hand. Like all bullies, he is cowardly; but he possesses a certain crude cunning which helps him to stay alive and prosper.

8 Kapak Draconian Escort. AL LE; MV 6"[15"]/18"; hp 15 each; AC 4; HD 3; #AT 1 (shortsword); Dmg 1-6 + possible poison; acid pool

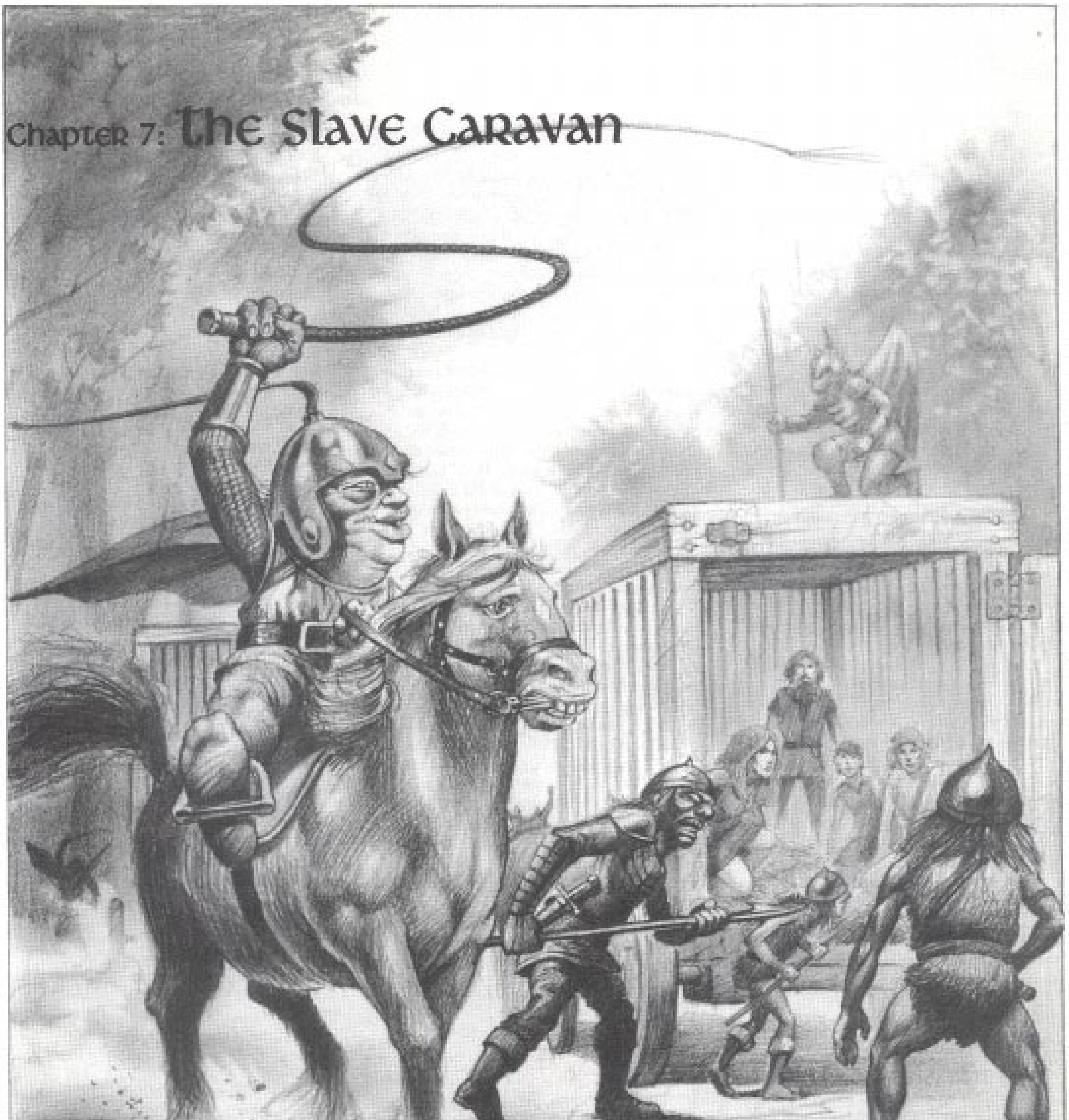
If the heroes helped Tika fight the draconians, Toede arrests them for brawling. Otherwise, he sneers as he recites charges of "trespass and malicious destruction in the realm of Xak Tsaroth," then places the party under arrest. If the PCs resist, those draconians outside the inn swarm indoors to overcome them.

40 Kapak Draconians. AL LE; MV 6"[15"]/18"; hp 15 each; AC 4; HD 3; #AT 1 (shortsword); Dmg 1-6 + possible poison; acid pool

The draconians disarm the party and seize all visible possessions except for rings and armor. A character has a base 50% chance to hide a small object on his person. Make this check privately, modifying for any factors that seem relevant. Thieves' tools and spell books cannot be hidden!

The dragonmen tie the heroes' hands and lead them through the rubble of Solace to an open space that once functioned as a town square. Tika Waylan and the elf from the Inn are brought with them. All PCs and the two NPCs are herded into a caged wagon.

Chapter 7: The Slave Caravan



Here the dragonmen load the heroes onto a slave caravan and move them south. On the way, the PCs learn a few things and, if they are patient, benefit from a timely rescue.

Gritty smoke drifts from a few lingering fires through the clearing, adding a ghostly thickness to the air. Many hobgoblins and a few dragonmen scramble about, loading things onto several large wagons. Beyond these wagons, the smoke- lifts briefly around three large cages. Each is mounted on a sturdy four-wheeled carriage

The hobgoblin commander screams his orders above the bustle and chattering, and all of the monsters leap to obey "Few-master Toede." Another group of prisoners—mostly women and children—are dragged into the clearing and roughly loaded into one of the cages. At the same time, Fewmaster Toede unlocks the door of the heaviest cage. His escort prods the prisoners forward at swordpoint and thrusts them behind the solid iron bars. The cage door shuts with a heavy clang, and Toede locks both of its locks himself.

Toede is assembling a caravan to carry prisoners to Pax Tharkas, where slaves are needed to work the iron mines. The huge cages will carry the captives, while the other two wagons are loaded with routine supplies. The heroes' possessions will be loaded on the first wagon, where Toede intends to examine them and claim a few items for his own.

The heroes' cage also holds Gilthanas (the elf from the tavern), two soldiers from Solace who fought against the Dragonlords, and Elistan—a high priest of Haven who believes in the false gods. Elistan will give no clue to his identity. He is an intelligent and perceptive man, however, and if confronted with evidence of a true cleric, will question his faith.

At this point Tika may become a player character.

All three of the heroes' human companions are silent and depressed, since they know that their families have been taken to Pax Tharkas as hostages. If prodded, they reveal this information, as well as the fact that they turned themselves in because of the hostages.

The bars of the cage are much too heavy for even the strongest character to bend. The cage has two separate locks, both of which must be unfastened to open the door.

9. The Elven Stranger

The heroes quickly recognize the elf that approached them at the Inn. His hood is thrown back, since he no longer needs a disguise, and he talks to the adventurers.

NPC Capsule:

Gilthanas, Warrior/Mage of Qualinesti. Elf; FS/MU4; AL CG; Sl2, 114, WlO, D16, C12, Ch13; MV12"; hp 17; AC 4.
Spells:
1st Level: *sleep, detect magic, magic missile*
2nd Level: *levitate, web*
Wears chain mail. Carries shield, longbow and 20 arrows, *longsword +1*.

Long golden hair flows freely about the shoulders of this handsome elf. His slight features give him a very youthful appearance, which is belied by a certain harshness in his eyes. He moves nimbly, with quiet skill, and he is capable of great quickness when the situation demands.

Gilthanas was serving as a messenger for the elven king when he was captured by the dragonmen. A feeling that he has failed overwhelms him, but this does not show to outsiders. He succeeds in appearing both calm and confident; indeed, he is sure that the elves will make a rescue attempt as the caravan passes Qualinesti.

Although he provides no details, Gilthanas suggests that fate is not always as unkind as it appears to be. He is friendly to the PCs and makes an effort to cheer them up.

The caravan does not move, and the captives are left without food or water for an entire day and night. The temperature at night drops alarmingly, causing some very uncomfortable and sleepless hours. Many hobgoblins and draconians walk beside the wagons. Some of them carry bows, and will shoot at characters who do anything suspicious.

If PCs hatch any rash plans of escape, Gilthanas counsels caution, saying that the chances may be much better later. If asked what this means, he only smiles

10. A Chilly Sunrise

As dawn colors the sky, the autumn chill makes another onslaught. Heavy mists obscure the nearby ruins of Solace, and ghostly figures flit among the wagons. Several of these figures approach, and it becomes clear that they are draconians. They pour a foul-smelling slop into buckets in the nearby wagons.

A fierce clatter of swords disrupts the morning calm. Dry screams and yelps of the dragonmen rise above the crash of metal. Somewhere a deep human voice rings out in challenge, and the sounds of fighting move toward the voice.

Gilthanas starts at the sound of the voice. A look of alarm clouds his face. "That is Theros Ironfeld, elf-friend. The evil ones must have learned of the aid he has given my people. I fear that he will pay with his life."

"The dragonmen would have taken me days ago, had it not been for the courage of that smith. He has smuggled elves out of Solace since the city fell, with no regard for his own safety."

The sounds of combat cease. A large band of dragonmen hobble from the mist, carrying the bleeding figure of a huge man. Under the watchful eyes of 30 archers, the cage door is opened and the man is thrown inside.

Blood from the stump of his right arm pools on the dirty floor. Moaning softly, but apparently unconscious, Theros Ironfeld slips toward death.

Any use of magical healing will save Ironfeld's life, although he will be very weak (1 hp only). Without such aid, he will become still and lifeless 1 turn after he is thrown into the wagon. One of the soldiers from Solace will shout at the nearby draconians, "You've killed him!" Then the draconians open the cage (using the same procedure they did when they threw Ironfeld in), draw out the smith's body, and cast it into a nearby pile of rubble.

If any of the PCs use. magic to save Theros, Gilthanas looks on with slightly raised eyebrows. The three captive soldiers react more obviously, staring wide-eyed at the healer and muttering about a "miracle."

11. The Wagons Roll

A long day passes underneath a surprisingly warm sun. Draconian and hobgoblin guards remain on watch throughout the day, but no new prisoners are added to the cages. An air of waiting hangs over the wrecked town square.

As the sun drops behind the stumps of the vallenwood forest, the waiting comes to an end. The square suddenly swarms with hobgoblins, goblins, and draconians, all following the orders of the repulsive Sergeant Toede. Huge elk are brought forward from the village pens, and four of the beasts are attached to each wagon.

Darkness falls as the guards form ranks before and after the column, which consists of three cage and two supply wagons. A driver and a guard climb into the front of each and urge the elk forward. The reddish glow of twilight provides one last look at the ruins of Solace as the caravan slips away to the south.

Sergent Toede rides a small, shaggy pony along the column, shouting orders to his soldiers. He taunts the prisoners as he passes with tales of the dungeons of Pax Tharkas and of the Dragonlord waiting to meet them there. His servant, a young, unkempt gulley dwarf named Sestun, follows his master as best he can. Sestun is constantly falling down or getting splashed by mud from the passing of wagons, and finds it impossible to keep up. The PCs see him jog past their wagon often, his new metal helmet askew over a face dominated by a massive red nose. A battle axe of doubtful quality swings from the dwarfs side.

At the front of the column marches a troop of 45 Kapak Draconians, preceding the goblins by about ¼ mile. One hundred goblins follow the draconians in a long line ending just before the first supply wagon. The three cages are next (the heroes are in the first cage), and another supply wagon follows. Last in line is a force of 100 hobgoblins.

Two hobgoblins man each wagon. The front supply wagon contains all of the PCs' equipment as well as a load of swords and shields. The last wagon is filled with grain.

12. Gilthanas' Tale

Through the long night the wagons roll ever southward. The towering summits of the Twin Peaks Pass soon fall to the rear. Winding out of the mountains, the caravan passes through a dark and silent town-the formerly bustling community of Gateway. Obviously the Dragonlords have been at work here.

South of Gateway, the plains of Abanasinia spread to all sides. For several hours, the caravan makes good time across the dull flatlands, until the sound of flowing water whispers far to the south. Shortly, the caravan trundles over the only bridge to cross the mighty White-rage River.

Now the land rises. More trees line the ascending trail. The Elvenhome of Qualinesti lies somewhere to the west.

"Pax Tharkas," Gilthanas says quietly. "That must be our destination. It is bitter indeed that a monument to peace has been perverted to the evil purposes of slavery."

If any PC questions him, Gilthanas begins the following tale:

"Long ago, in the near forgotten Age of Dreams, Kith-Kanan led the elves to Qualinesti. The Second Dragon War of Silvanesti had brought these western elves great fame back in their ancient home. But Silvanos, King of the Silvanesti, felt uneasy at the rise to power of the Qualinesti elves.

"Yet when the Kinslayer war with the human kingdom of Ergoth erupted, the king did not hesitate to call upon the Qualinesti. The war was long and bloody, leaving scars that no treaty could heal. Thus, when borders were agreed upon and the bloodshed halted, the elves of the west felt removed from their kin, and wanted no part of the ancient home of Silvanesti.

"With the scribing of the Swordsheath scroll, many problems of the world were laid to rest. The King of Ergoth gave the western elves a magical wooded place of great beauty and natural harmony-the land that has come to be known as Qualinesti.

"Sad was Silvanos the king, when his eldest son Kith-Kanan chose to lead the western elves to their new home. Deep was the split between the two elven kingdoms. Silvanesti continued to follow the lofty ancient ways, removed from the other peoples of Krynn, while Kith-Kanan and the Qualinesti made peace, traded, and intermarried with their neighbors.

"Perhaps the greatest accomplishment of a great life was Kith-Kanan's signing of a permanent peace with the Mountain Dwarves of Thorbardin. Sharing their knowledge and skills, the two peoples built the mighty fortress of Pax Tharkas at the border of their two lands. For many centuries Pax Tharkas was a bastion of peace and safety—a symbol of the cooperation among folk of different background and race.

"Even now, as we hear that the fortress is in the hands of the dragonmen, I cannot believe that it has fallen to storm. Only the darkest treachery from within the walls could have led to this sorry outcome."

13. Fight For Freedom

Suddenly a wavering call rolls from the woods off to the west, like the cry of some elegant bird. Gilthanas stiffens,. brings a finger to his lips. Another call floats from the east, and now the elf responds with his own call.

Immediately, the caravan guards begin to shriek and whimper. The driver of the cage wagon slumps forward, an arrow bristling in his neck. Quickly, the guard at the driver's side draws his sword and leaps to the ground; a deadly arrow whistles into his breast.

Sergeant Toede gallops from the rear of the column, screaming to his troops to draw arms and face the unseen foe. He barrels into his gulley dwarf servant, and berates the poor creature with a volley of curses.

"On your feet, you pitiful worm, and cover my glorious retreat. Above all, dog, these prisoners are not to escape!" Staggering beneath his weight, Toede's horse carries him to the front of the column, where the sounds of fighting are the faintest.

The little dwarf climbs to his feet, muttering under his breath. He adjusts his oversized helmet and raises a fist in the direction of his master. He still grumbles as his eyes wander to the cage holding the heroes.

Hoisting his dented battleaxe, he moves to the locks holding the cage shut, and shatters them with two solid blows. As the door swings open, the little gulley dwarf disappears into the underbrush.

Although freedom lies just beyond the swinging cage door, the battle outside is becoming more violent. Several elven warriors glide from the darkened woods, but many of the goblin guards have rushed to the scene as well.

20 Goblins. AL LE; MV 6"; hp 4 each; AC 6; HD 1-1; #AT 1 (shortsword); Dmg 1-6

Characters may leave the cage at the rate of two per round. They can pick up shortswords in 1-3 rounds: many of the guards dropped their weapons when felled by arrows. The 20 goblins arrive at the rate of 2 per round, and all concentrate on the prisoners from the PCs cage.

The 3 warriors from Solace refuse to escape, because their families are imprisoned in Pax Tharkas. Gilthanas, however, joins the fray.

The elven rescuers free the prisoners, mostly women and children, from the other two cages, and escort them into the forest. If the PCs follow after dispatching the goblins, they have no more combat here.

The heroes may try to regain their possessions from the supply wagon, which has halted immediately before them.

If they try to recover their supplies, they must dispatch a detail of hobgoblins who have rushed back to the battle. Once they have done this, they may recover everything and make an escape into the forest following Gilthanas. If they choose to go elsewhere, turn to event 14; though he will urge going into the forest, Gilthanas accompanies the party.

16 hobgoblins. AL LE; MV 9"; hp 6 each; AC 5; HD 1+1; #AT 1 (longsword); Dmg 1-8

Carefully laid elven traps tangle draconian patrols who might want to pursue. Soon all sounds of pursuit grow faint and disappear.

Chapter 8: Elvenhome





The heroes are taken into the sacred realm of Qualinesti, and learn of a high task which may fall to them. Of course, any elf PC is received quite hospitably—but half-elves are treated with the same suspicion as humans and dwarves.

> Dawn lightens the woods as the last sounds of pursuit fade. The tall elf who seems to be in command calls a halt. The escaped prisoners and their escort of two dozen elven warriors stand in a large clearing bright with dew and striped by the shadows of ghostly pines.
>
> Gilthanas speaks earnestly with the leader of the war party, and introduces him as Porthios. Porthios then turns to the freed prisoners and says: "People of Solace...you are free from the cages of the Dragonlords. Where you can go I cannot say, for all the land is wracked by their evil.
>
> "I suggest you try the south, for once past Pax Tharkas you might find safety in the realms of the southlands. I am not sure what you may find there; but the heavy fist of our foe has battered everywhere in the north country."
>
> He turns from the mass of prisoners to the PCs. "I would ask that you please come with me, through the sacred realms of Qualinesti to our capital of Qualinost Gilthanas has told me something of your story; I know it would please my people to hear more."

14. Away From the Elves

If the heroes accompany the elves, skip this section. If not, here is detailed the state of the world in which they may travel.

To the north, two dragonarmies move south for the invasion of Qualinesti. To the south, Pax Tharkas blocks the only path. To the west lies Qualinesti, still an elven stronghold.

If the players go north, they have random encounters (see Random Encounter Table) for the next game day. Then they run into one squad of Kapak draconians (use entry #4 on the Random Encounter Table) per game hour. These dragonmen fight to the death, and there are an infinite supply of squadrons. If the party goes south, run the adventure the same as you would were they going north or east: one day from the rescue, the southern dragonarmy leaves Pax Tharkas to march on Qualinesti. (See Encounters 19 and 21.) The PCs will encounter an elven war party (west) if they attempt to enter Qualinesti unescorted:

40 Elf Warriors. AL CG; MV 12"; hp 7 each; AC 5; HD 1+1; #AT 1 (sword or arrow); Dmg 2-9 or 1-6

In addition, the following higher ranking elves are present:

3 Elf Fighters. F3; AL CG; MV 12"; hp 20 each; AC 4; #AT 1 (longsword or arrow); Dmg 3-10 or 2-7

1 Elf Magic-user. MU5; AL CG; MV 12"; hp 13; AC 8; #AT 1 (dagger); Dmg 1-4.
Spells:
1st level: *charm person, sleep, magic missile, shield*
2nd level: *invisibility, web*
3rd level: *slow*

The magic-user is invisible, following the PCs closely. If combat breaks out, the elves attempt to subdue and capture the heroes. Gilthanas will try to stop the fight, but will not join either side.

If the PCs move away from Qualinesti, Gilthanas goes with them, taking Theros Ironfeld with him. Have them meet Eben Shatterstone as described in encounter 22: If the party is captured and taken to Qualinesti, pick up the adventure as described in encounter 16.

15. The Secret Ways

The tall elf called Porthios leads the way through the pine forest. As dawn creeps to daylight, a deep roaring sound thunders in the far distance. After several hours, it is obvious that the source of the sound is a huge waterfall, plummeting from an unimagineable height.

The path westward is blocked by a massive gray cliff of dark granite. The pines march right to the cliff base; from there smooth stone ascends for nearly a mile. A fringe of green at the summit suggests that more forest lies beyond.

Porthios leads the way through a chuckling stream to the base of the falls, where a deep, clear pool collects the outflow of the towering spume. Stepping nimbly from rock to rock, the elf crosses the pool and enters a darkened hollow that gapes behind the waterfall.

Here, a steep stairway, cut from the living rock of the cliff-face, begins to ascend. A curtain of silvery water sheds light on the secret way. The path is strangely easy, turning beneath the waterfall until it finally emerges under a clear autumn sun, atop the high plateau of Qualinesti.

Aspen forests shiver in the noon brightness, the trunks reflecting an ivory whiteness. The fresh, earthy scent of moss rides the air. A soft trail spread with evergreen needles seems to appear magically before Porthios as he leads the way further into the wood.

16. Qualinost

After several more hours of providing a smooth path through the woods, the needle-strewn forest floor ends abruptly in front of a deep chasm. Rolling blankets of moss coat both sides of the 100' wide gap; billowing mist far below suggests that rapid waters cut along the chasm bottom. A narrow footbridge, suspended from sturdy aspens, spans the chasm.

Gilthanas speaks: "Qualinost is protected on all sides by such barriers. Yet I fear that even these will be of little aid against the dragonarmies."

Across the bridge, a few slim towers appear through the aspens ahead. Now Porthios walks with a bouncing step, like a traveler who sees his home on the horizon.

The dense aspen forest thins out in front of the spires and arches of Qualinost. The city is small by human standards; by the same token, no humans could ever build a city like this. Four slender towers lined with silver mark the four corners of the roughly square city. Between each of these towers, strings of slender arches—also silver-stretch in an elegant chain.

A high tower of burnished gold dominates the city, throwing off sunlight in a whirling, sparkling pattern that gives the impression of movement. Of course, the tower is quite still, but the illusion is very realistic indeed.

Beyond the arches, the wide, quartz-lined avenues of the city lie dappled in the strange green forest light. Many of the city buildings are made of quartz, too, and aspen beams inlaid with silver and gold. The buildings are tall and slender, blending gracefully with the many aspens that fill the city.

And everywhere, there is frantic activity. Female elves and elf-children either rush about carrying large bundles toward the central tower, or scamper toward houses, empty-handed. The adult males are all armed and alert, graceful bows and slim longswords ready to meet any foe.

Any elves in the party immediately realize that this hustle and bustle is very much out of place. Because of the screen of warriors around them, the PCs do not attract attention right away. Soon, however, an elf-child spots a dwarf PC, if one is present (if not, a human will do) and, shrieking hysterically, flees to his mother. Soon all activity ceases as the citizens gawk at the procession of PCs and elf warriors.

Gilthanas and Porthios have been talking quietly. Now Gilthanas turns: "I know you are all tired and need a well-deserved rest. I ask that first you accompany us to the tower of the Speaker, where you will meet the Speaker of Suns, my father. As soon as possible we will see you to comfortable quarters and refreshment."

All of the elves are moving in the general direction of the lofty golden tower. Porthios and Gilthanas start off in that direction.

17. The Speaker of Suns

The following council occurs in the Tower of the Speaker. At first, the heroes will be spectators as the elves conduct business. At any time, of course, a PC may have something to say; and this should be worked into the description.

The Speaker will be aloof toward all but elves—especially cool toward the humans. He will not, however, be hostile or insulting. As the story grows clearer, and particularly if the characters fought beside Gilthanas at the Inn of the Last Home, the Speaker's attitude will warm, but only slightly. If Tanis is with the heroes, the Speaker will recognize him, but will be very cool toward him.

A pair of gilded doors swing silently open, into a chamber that looks much bigger than the outside of the tower. The huge room has a white marble floor and walls. Many windows admit the sunlight and fresh air. Many elves stand here expectantly.

The tallest elf here is dressed in a resplendent yellow robe, and his hair is tinged with silver. He steps forward eagerly, opening his arms to embrace Gilthanas and Porthios.

"My sons! I thought I would never meet you in this world again." For a moment, joy rises in his voice, and then his manner becomes serious. "Gilthanas, what of your raid?"

"Lord Speaker, my father," says Gilthanas solemnly, "I have failed. We travelled with all stealth southward as was planned; yet fate had us meet a northbound army of the Dragonlord. I was struck upon my head and fell into a ravine, thinking that to be the end of my days upon the face of Krynn.

"Some time later I awoke and found tracks leading northward to Solace. Thinking to free my warriors who may have been taken prisoner, I followed. I found that Solace has been taken and its vallenwood forest razed."

A gasp rings through the council chamber at the thought of the mighty forest levelled. Gilthanas lowers his eyes and speaks his next words with difficulty. "I found my companions in the square, tied to stakes made from the fallen trees. A large red dragon soared above them. I watched the people of Solace forced into a large circle around the captives.

"A great and evil leader, hidden by a beastlike mask, rode the red dragon downward beside the stakes in the square. He spoke as the serpent landed: 'I am Verminaard, Dragonlord of this realm. I have need of all mortal beings in the great work of the Dragonlords. Those who obey shall serve me. Those who do not shall feel my wrath!'

"Then the dragon breathed flame upon my fellows..." Gilthanas' voice trails off, and he gestures toward Theros Ironfeld. "A kind of madness came over me, and had not this man restrained me I too would have been burned into nothingness. He risked his life for me, and indeed, suffered the loss of his arm for the crime of protecting a frightened elf."

Gilthanas then relates his acquaintance with the heroes; he mentions any clerical spells that he has seen used.

The Speaker becomes more polite toward the PCs if they do nothing to deserve otherwise. If they mention clerical spells, he acts impressed, saying that it has been more than a century since such knowledge has been held by the children of men. He does not volunteer anything about elven clerical magic; if the PCs persist in questioning him on the subject, however, he tells them that all the elven clerics disappeared to the south at the time of the Cataclysm.

"It was the worst of times, the Great Sundering," claims the Speaker. We keep what we know in memory and song. It was then that a great darkness fell, but now, as our poet will tell you, the darkest of the gloom is lifting."

it this time, the court poet steps forward and recites the Canticle. Read the Canticle on page 32 to your players or have your players read it aloud. After the recital, the Speaker makes the following statement:

"Travellers, I shall have a place prepared for you while you are among us. Follow my daughter, and she shall see you comfortably tended. After you have had a chance to wash, eat and sleep, I shall send for you. Time is indeed short."

An exceptionally beautiful elven maiden moves forward from the onlookers. She curtsies slightly toward the Speaker before blessing the weary travelers with a smile like a spring sunrise. Her beauty seems greater as she moves closer; yet a childlike air about her belies the wisdom in her eyes.

She glides toward the gilded doors and they part for her, almost as if a gentle gust of wind persuaded them to open. She leads the way into the sun and leaf-speckled streets of Qualinost.

18. Laurana of Qualinost

NPC Capsule:
Laurana, Princess of Qualinesti. Elf; F3; AL CG; S13, I15, W12, D17, C14, Ch16; MV12"; hp 18; AC 0
Wears *chain mail +1*. Carries shield and shortsword.

Long sandy hair surrounds Laurana's childlike face. Her hazel eyes are very large, and at this point in her life, possess a certain innocence. Her figure is slight, and her skin a rich woodland brown.

Laurana is a very spoiled little girl when first introduced to the adventurers. In childhood, she and Tanis were "betrothed," although it is uncertain how seriously the half-elf takes this childhood vow. If Tanis is with the party, she will fawn on him, showing all of the signs of an adolescent crush. If he is not with the PCs, this affection should be directed at a male PC elf from Qualinesti, if at all possible. She tends to sulk when she does not get her way, and also is skillful at using her good looks and charm to her advantage.

Destiny has an important role for Laurana in the Epic of the Dragonlance, and she will be called upon to grow up in a hurry. By highlighting her immaturity at this point, you can increase the dramatic effect of her growth upon your players. This little girl possesses an inner strength that will one day lead armies!

Laurana takes the PCs to a pleasant, sun-dappled grove of aspens which flourishes in the heart of the city. Clear springs furnish fresh water, and many mossy beds seem to invite sleep. Pears, apples, and peaches all grow in profusion, and Laurana urges the heroes to eat their fill.

19. A High Council

As twilight descends over Qualinesti, Laurana rouses the heroes from their slumber and asks them to attend a council in the Hall of the Sky. This "hall" turns out to be the central square of Qualinost, where a cluster of stars are just appearing overhead. As the heroes arrive on the scene, read the following. At the same time, allow the players to look at the mosaic map of Qualinesti found on the cover of the module.

The entire population of Qualinesti seems to be gathered around the wide square. The warriors are in the center ring, around the Speaker and several of his chief lieutenants; the other men, women and children are more distant, but still observing the proceedings.

A path opens through the crowd to the center of the circle, and the Speaker looks up with a cool stare as the heroes of Xak Tsaroth enter his sight. "Forgive our somber air," he says slowly. "These are heavy times, and we face the beginning of a long and lonely road.

"Look, if you will, upon our situation." The Speaker gestures to a detailed mosaic on the ground. The colors and shapes seem to represent a map of some kind. As the circle of elves draws back, the land of Qualinesti and its surroundings are displayed entirely.

"Here and here," the Speaker says, tapping the end of his staff against the northern communities of Solace and Haven. "Two huge armies of the Dragonlord Verminaard have gathered. Even now they prepare to invade the ancient Elvenhome of Qualinesti. There is no way we can stand against the might of such hordes.

"Our only choice is to flee Qualinesti to the west, and hope to bring our people safely to some land in that unknown region." The Speaker pauses to let his remark sink in; for it is indeed stunning to think of the elves of this fabled wood—elves who have lived here since the Age of Dreams-forced from their ancestral home by the cruel might of the Dragonlords.

"Still a third Dragonarmy poises against us here." Now the Speaker's staff strikes sharply on the narrow pass of Pax Tharkas. "We have learned from captives that the Dragonlord would like to see the race of elves driven from Krynn; and they have nearly succeeded with respect to our kin of Silvanesti."

The heroes may wish to say something here, as the Speaker pauses. Allow them to speak, and answer questions if you feel they are appropriate. Eventually, work the conversation around to the speaker again, as he continues.

"Here, in the depths of Pax Tharkas, work the warriors of Solace, Haven, and the other northern lands who were taken alive. Why would they slave in the mines, gaining iron for the forges of the Dragonlords?

"Because also here," and the Speaker's staff strikes Pax Tharkas with a vengeance, "are their women and children—hostages lest the warriors can display the rage and hatred that they must feel against their villainous masters. This was the reason for Gilthanas's mission only a few short days ago. He and his band were to enter Pax Tharkas by a hidden route-the Sla-Mori—known only to the elves. They would free the hostages and lead the slaves in a revolt, escaping to the south and drawing the dragonarmy in pursuit.

"The humans can reach safety and elude the dragonmen, for the mountainous route contains many secluded valleys where they can hide. Yet they will never have a moment of freedom unless some means of rescue is offered.

"It is our belief that you should accept this heavy task. Gilthanas has offered to accompany your party and show you the ways of the Sla-Mori, even the room of the Great Chain—the quickest entrance to the fortress itself. If you accept this opportunity, you not only offer freedom to those of your kin trapped within the walls of the fortress, but you offer our beleaguered folk a chance to escape Qualinesti alive, a chance to live that many of ours were not given when your people caused the Cataclysm, the turning away of the gods."

Thus is presented the plight of the elves and the suggestion for the heroes' help. If the heroes take on the quest, go directly to encounter 20 below. If they decline, go directly to encounter 21.

20. Kidnap!

Speed is important, and Gilthanas feels that the party's chances to enter Pax Tharkas are greater if they enter the Sla-Mori at night; therefore the elf urges that the party leave the next morning. This should bring them, after a long day's travel, to the mouth of Sla-Mori. Also, since draconians prefer not to travel by day, chances are less that the PCs will run into them.

The council has adjourned. As they part, the people sing an ancient, haunting song of the elves. At this time, you may read or sing the song "Elvenhome" found on page 16. Immediately afterwards, read this passage.

Laurana leads the way back to the quiet hilltop grove. "Sleep peacefully, for the road tomorrow is long," she whispers, and moves silently down the hill.

Suddenly, the stillness of Qualinesti shatters. A sharp female scream rises from the direction Laurana has gone. Even as the echoes bounce from the hills, a dark shape blacks out the moons, settling among the aspens of the city.

A wyvern, ridden by Fewmaster Toede, lands in Qualinost. Toede has decided to capture one of the party as a peace offering to Verminaard, who is surely going to be angry that the caravan was raided and Gilthanas freed. Six draconians have also been carried to the elven city, and even now move to attack the characters. Whether the PCs move to investigate or simply hold their ground, they are attacked by the Kapaks as they see the huge serpent, now bearing two riders, rise across the red moon and hear a voice shouting, "Your loyalty is touching, my little Kapaks! To give your lives is all that my grandness could ask of you!"

6 Kapak Draconians. AL LE; MV 6"[15"]/18"; hp 10, 11, 14, 15, 17, 19; HD 3; #AT 1 (shortsword); Dmg 1-6 + poison; acid pool

The kapaks were sent by Toede to create a diversion, then abandoned. Left on their own, they fight to the death. The noise of the skirmish will arouse the community, but no elves can intervene until the battle between the kapaks and the heroes is over. By then, it will be obvious that this was an isolated raid and not a general attack.

If the PCs mention Laurana, the elves will know of her absence at once. If not, it is morning before they realize she is missing. In either event, nothing can be done about the kidnapping. The elves react to the kidnapping with sad acceptance, and tell the heroes to sleep while they have the chance, for the next day's mission must go ahead as planned.

While the heroes sleep, the elves load their packs with two weeks' worth of the nourishing elven quith-pa, a kind of dried fruit. Quith-pa functions in all respects as iron rations.

At this point, Gilthanas may become a player character. Theros elects to remain with the elves.

21. If the Heroes Refuse the Elves

Of course, the Innfellows may reject the elves' appeal. In this case, the elves are considerably colder to the PCs; they no longer extend their hospitality, but ask the PCs to leave. The next morning, Gilthanas and a band of picked elven warriors leave for Pax Tharkas, gravely weakening the fighting strength of the Qualinesti nation.

The elves do not bother the PCs if they consent to leave Qualinesti quietly. At the first nightfall, cleric(s) in the party have a prophetic dream. Take your clerics aside and read them this passage!

The landscape you lie upon is blurred, as is often the case in dreams.

The wind has died away, and the air seems far less chilly than it did before. Indeed, a glowing warmth spreads across your back.

When you turn toward the source of the heat, you see that Qualinesti Forest is burning. The fire withers aspen, snaps evergreen, and the woodland erupts into red columns of flame.

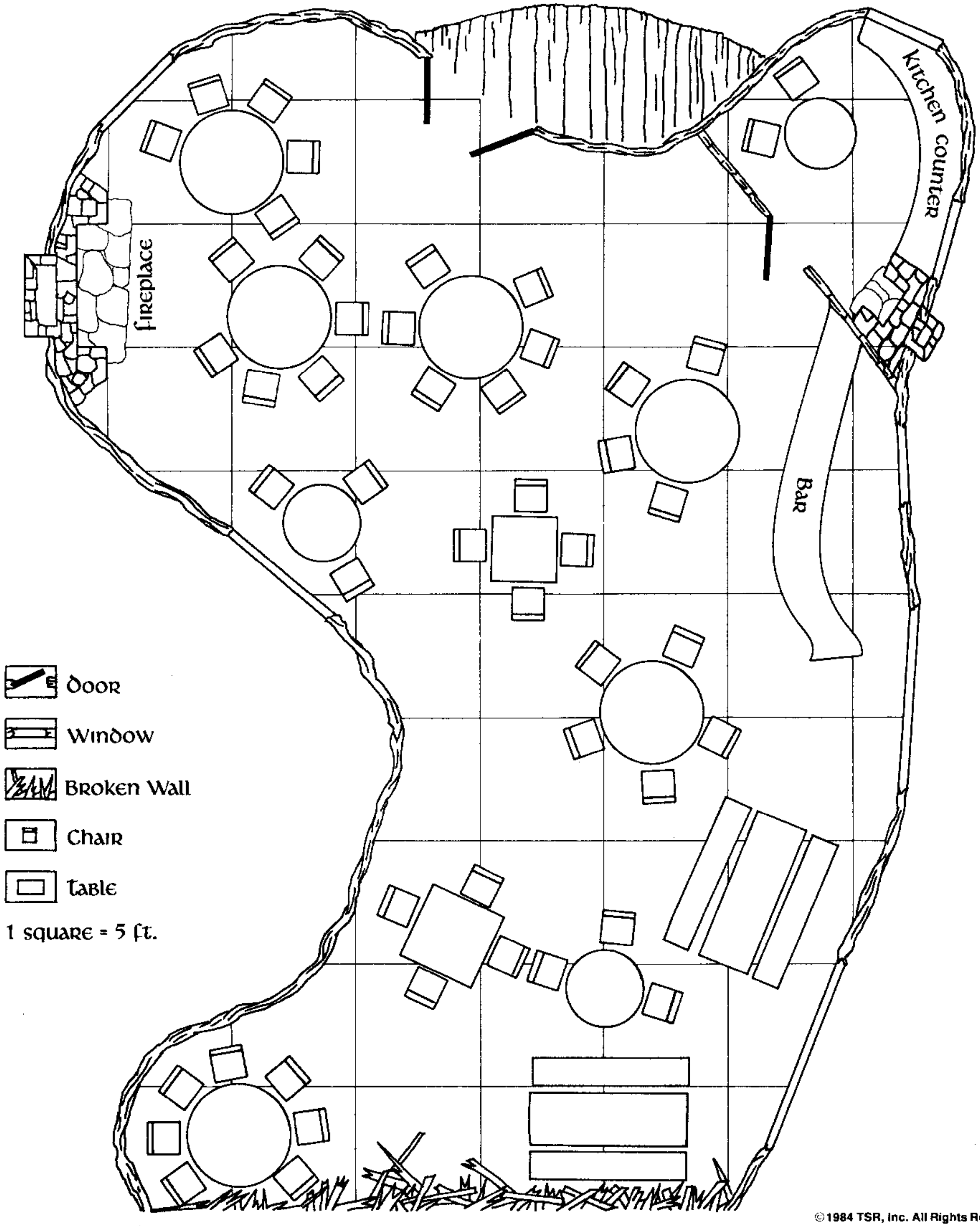
Dark shapes lope toward you out of the fire. A rain of arrows and spears cannot stop the rushing draconians, their wings flapping as they charge across the ground like large wounded bats. Your comrades fall around you—first one, then another, as your weapon grows heavier in your hands.

Finally, seven draconians turn toward you-toward you alone. Three of them lick their swords. Their lidless eyes stare hungrily at your throat. They move coldly and firmly in your direction, whispering in dry, rattling hisses. They surround you; one of them lunges at you with a spear, and a white-hot pain explodes in your chest.

The dragonmen appear to double in size, and then suddenly shrink to the size of sparrows. Your weapon falls to your side. Your legs do not work. Everything is dark now.

If the PCs still do not take up the quest, the dream will come true almost to the letter. Qualinesti will be in the hands of the Dragonlords in 2-12 days; no matter which direction the PCs go, after one game day they encounter draconians as they did in encounter 14. These skirmishes will continue, one every game hour, until all the PCs are dead.

Inn of the Last Home



Elven hymn

♩=220
Allegro Con Espressivo



TANIS

6th Level Half Elf Fighter

STR	16 (Dmg +1; wgt +350; Doors 1-3; Bars 10%)
INT	12 (Lang: Q. Elf, Hill Dwarf, Plainsman)
WIS	1 3
DEX	16 (React +1; Def -2)
CON	12 (Sys. Shock 80%; Res. 85%
CHA	15 (Loyalty +15%; Reaction +15%)
AL	N G

AC = 4
HP = 45

CARAMON

7th Level Human Fighter

STR	18/63(Hit +2: Dmg +3: wgt +1250: Doors 1-4. Bars 25%)
INT	12
WIS	10
DEX	11
CON	17 (hp Adjust +3; Sys shock 97% Res. 98%)
CHA	15 (Loyalty +15%; Reaction +15%)
AL	LG

AC = 6
HP = 44

TASSLEHOFF BURRFOOT

5th Level Kender Thief

STR	13 (wgt +100; Doors 1-2; Bars 4%)
INT	9 (Lang: Kenderspeak)
WIS	12
DEX	16 (Attack +1; Def -2; see below)
CON	14 (Sys. Shock 88%; Res. 92%)
CHA	11
AL	N

AC = 6
HP = 20

Pocts	Locks	Traps	Quiet	Hides	Hears	Climb	Reads
55%	52%	45%	50%	46%	25%	75%	20%

RAISTLIN

4th Level Human Magic-user

STR	10 (Doors 1-2; Bars 2%)
INT	17 (Lang: 6; Q. Elf, Magius, see below)
WIS	14
DEX	16 (Attack +l; Def -2)
CON	10 (Sys shock 70%; Resur 75%)
CHA	10
AL	N

AC=5
HP=11

Spell use: 3 1st level and 2 2nd level per dav.

STURM BRIGHTBLADE

7th Level Human Fighter

STR	17 (Hit +1; Dmg+1; wgt+500; Door 1-3; Bars 13%)
INT	14 (Lang: Q. Elf; Plains; Solamnic; S. Elf)
WIS	11
DEX	12
CON	16 (hp Adjust +2; Sys Shock 95%; Res. 96%)
CHA	12
AL	LG

AC = 5
HP = 40

GOLDMOON

6th Level Human Cleric

STR	12 (wgt +100; Doors 1-2; Bars 4%)
INT	12 (Lang: Plainsmen, Hill Dwarf, Q. Elven)
WIS	16 (Magic Adjustment +2)
DEX	14
CON	12 (Sys. Shock 80%; Res. 85%)
CHA	17 (Loyalty +30%; Reaction +30%)
AL	LG

AC = 6
HP = 24

Spell use: 3 1st Level, 3 2nd Level, 2 3rd Level

FLINT FIREFORGE

5th Level Dwarf Fighter

SIX	16 (Dmg +1; wgt +350; Doors 1-3; Bars 10%)
INT	7 (Lang: Hill Dwarf)
WIS	12
DEX	10
CON	18 (Hp Adjust +4; Sys shock 99%; Res. 100%)
CHA	13 (Reaction +5%)
AL	N G

AC = 6
HP = 52

RIVERWIND

6th Level Human Ranger

STR	18/35 (Hit +l; Dmg +3; wgt +1000; Doors 1-3; Bars 20%)
INT	13 (Lang: Plainsman, Q. Elf, Hill Dwarf)
WIS	14
DEX	16 (Attack +1; Def -2)
CON	13 (Sys. Shock 85%; Res. 90%)
CHA	13 (Reaction +5%)
AL	LG

AC = 5
HP = 36

Equipment: ring mail armor, small shield, longsword (dmg 1-8/1-12), spear (dmg 1-6), dagger (dmg 1-4/1-3), pack (as selected by player)

What of our friends in Solace? The smoke rising from the direction of that mighty Vallenwood Forest weighs heavily upon me. Do you think that Tika Waylan, for example, could sit idly around and watch that land be overrun? I have a feeling that she needs our help this very minute! Who knows if we will even find the Inn of the Last Home unharmed?

Equipment: *leather armor +2, longsword +2* (dmg 1-8/1-12), longbow & 20 arrows, pack (as selected by player)

It's hard to believe all of the things that have happened in the last few days. Five years we searched, travelling hundreds of miles to all four corners of the compass, and the answer was all the time only a day's march from Solace. And the dragon! All the scoffing we have done over those legendary creatures comes back to haunt us now. Who would have believed that there really is such a creature?

Spellbook:

1st Level: *burning hands, charm person, comprehend languages, detect magic, hold portal, magic missile, push, sleep, Tenser's Floating Disc.*

2nd Level: *audible glamer, darkness 15', detect invisible, ESP, invisibility, mirror image, web, wizard lock, knock.*

Equipment: *Staff of Magius* (+3 protection, +2 to hit (dmg 1-8), *continual light* (1 /day), *feather fall* (1 /day), pack (as selected by player)

I think we should take care not to lose sight of the real enemy. These draconians are a threat to the whole world. Look what they did to the Plains of Abanasinia, and that was several days ago! What kind of destruction have they been able to wreak since then? Even gully dwarves and Seekers may look like long-lost friends before this is over!

Equipment: leather armor, *hoopak* (treat as combination bullet sling (dmg 2-5/2-7) and +2 jo stick (dmg 1-6+2/1-4+2), dagger (dmg 1-41 1-3), pack (as selected by player)

Well, this should show those Seekers a thing or two. Imagine playing cleric without knowing who the true gods are! The only thing I regret is that we didn't have a little more time to poke around in that sunken city—Xak Tsaroth, they called it. I'll bet that place could have told us a lot if we could have just looked for a few clues. That dragon's treasure pile alone could have kept me busy for a month!

Equipment: leather armor, a *sling +1, Medallion of Faith,* pack (as selected by player)

And what of the message from Mishakal—find the one who will lead the people"? How do you suppose we accomplish that? I have looked at these disks, and they contain information on the true gods. Though I have lost the crystal staff, the information I hold here is far more valuable, for it gives knowledge that allows me, or any faithful character, the ability to become a true cleric, such as our land has not known for hundreds of years. Even this is not enough-we must see that others have the opportunity to share in this information.

Equipment: chain mail armor, *two handed sword +3* (dmg 1-10 /3-18), dagger (dmg 1-4/1-3), pack (as selected by player)

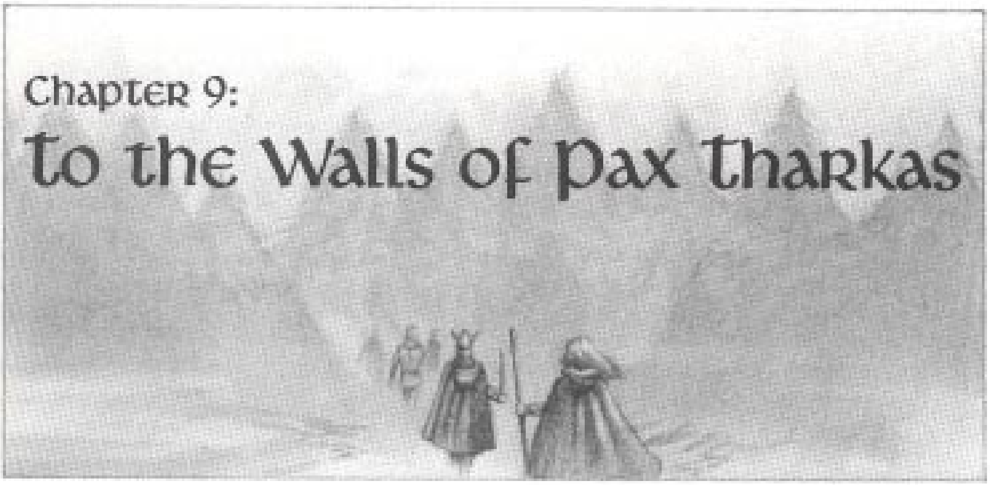
It seems that we have become involved in something larger than any of us could have guessed. These "dragonlords" and their armies are everywhere. No one seems to have the power to stand in their way. Perhaps the knowledge that we, or Goldmoon actually, have gained will be of help against this evil. I hope so, but I don't see how our small band will be able to make much difference.

Equipment: leather armor, small shield, *longsword +2,* shortbow and quiver of arrows, *hunting knife +1,* pack (as selected by player)

The village that is my home, and Goldmoon's, no longer exists. Although I fear that your Solace may have met the same fate, it is clear that we must see for ourselves. If, as you say, there are those who need our help, then our path is clear before us. At the same time, I would wage war against the destroyers of my homeland. It is clear that we few cannot stand against the armies of the dragonmen; yet therein may be our strength. For, as the armies have passed us by, perhaps we may learn more of the nature of this menace. Surely, there is a weakness, a fault, that can be exploited.

Equipment: studded leather armor, small shield, 2 *hand axes +1* (dmg) 1-6/1-4), dagger (dmg 1-41 1-3), pack (as selected by player)

I certainly wasn't surprised to find gully dwarves working for those draconian scum! Like I've always said, where there's garbage you'll find the rats. It should be obvious to all of you now that the gully dwarves can't possibly be related to Hill Dwarves-why, our entire ...well, everything, is different. They are much more closely tied to those scoundrels the mountain dwarves, as any fool can see. I only regret that my axe didn't get the chance to educate a few more of 'em!



The heroes will make a long day's march, cross the road, and are at the Sla-Mori at nightfall. Today, also, the dragon army marches out of Pax Tharkas toward Qualinesti

> Dawn is just beginning to color the sky as Gilthanas leads the way through the aspenwood of Qualinesti. The trail descends gradually to the south. Soon the whisper of a rushing stream rises from nearby, as the path begins to follow a clear brook. The route grows steeper and steeper, and the water deepens and roars as it tumbles toward the sea with increasing force.
>
> The aspens of Qualinesti blend with the tall pines of the lowlands, and by the time the sun is high there are no signs of the silvery trees of the plateau. Dark and looming, the evergreens crowd the trail, making the brightly sunny day seem closed and dusky. The stream still roars, but the sound has become threatening, like some unspeakable thing in tireless pursuit.
>
> Suddenly, the pines spread to reveal a clearing about 150' across. The grass has been churned into mud by a furious combat, and the bodies of both men and hobgoblins lie grotesquely in the places where death has claimed them.
>
> A groan sounds from the center of this carnage, and a battered human warrior rises from a pile of hobgoblins. His eyes appear glazed and unfocused as he turns his head about, finally looking at the trail where it enters the clearing. He struggles to stay on his feet, but gives up with another groan.
>
> Suddenly a look of surprise crosses his face, and he points to the dense pine forest. "Look out! Dragon..." the effort proves too much, and he topples onto his back again.

22. Ambush

Immediately after this statement, 12 Baaz draconians rush from the pines to attack the party from all sides. If the heroes heed the wounded warrior's warning, they are not surprised by the ambush; otherwise, check normally with a d6.

8 Baaz Draconians. AL LE; MV 6"[15"]/ 18"; hp 14 each; AC 4; HD 2; #AT 1 (shortsword) or 2; Dmg 1-6 or 1-4/1-4; turn to stone and crumble apart on death

See a complete description of these monsters in Appendix 3.

The draconians attack savagely, fighting to the death. If the battle seems to be going in the heroes' favor, the wounded man climbs to his feet, joins the melee, and strikes a Baaz from behind after most of the draconians have been killed.

NPC Capsule:
Eben Shatterstone, Soldier of Fortune. Human. F5; AL CN; S14; 115; W7; Dl3; CS; Chl5; MV 9"; hp 28; AC 4
Wears chain mail. Carries a shield, longsword, and dagger.

Eben wears clothes that once were very fine, but a lot of rough wear has tattered them somewhat. He has straight, jet-black hair, cut fairly short, and his face is ruggedly handsome. A faded red cape hangs from his shoulders, and his fine chain mail is rather tarnished. He also wears a scarlet hat.

Eben is completely self-serving and will do anything to win favor with those whom he sees as in power. Right now, this is the Dragonlord Verminaard, who has sent Eben to infiltrate the party and try to direct them to Pax Tharkas, where he is to betray them. Eben is not evil, nor will he risk his life for the Dragonlord, so if he does not have a chance to betray the party safely, he will not do so. If at all possible, Eben's mission should not be discovered. If it is, however, and the PCs turn on him, see to it that Eben meets an obscure death—that the body is lost.

Eben has blood upon his legs and arms. He graciously denies that he needs any magical healing and suggests that the magic should be saved for a later time. In fact, he is not wounded at all: he has staged the entire encounter so that he might join the group of heroes. He will attempt to betray the party in DL3.

Eben thanks the PCs many times, and offers his aid wherever they might be bound. Gilthanas urges haste in continuing to Pax Tharkas, and if his opinion is sought, remarks that an extra swordsman always comes in handy.

Soon the pines give way to the open plain, and in the southern distance, Pax Tharkas sits wedged between mountains. By moving steadily, the party can see the Tharkadan walls by late afternoon.

23. The Hidden Valley

> The sun has almost disappeared in the west; the imposing fortress of Pax Tharkas is nearer still. The tops of its two mighty towers rival the mountain peaks for control of the sky. Between the towers, a massive wall closes off all passage through the mountain gap. A single gate, 30' tall and 20' wide, seems to be the only entrance.
>
> Suddenly, the massive gate swings open. Even before it finishes moving, column after column of armed troops march out. Rising clouds of dust soon obscure their exact numbers, but surely several thousand pass from the fortress onto the plains. The road they follow leads to Qualinesti.
>
> "The Dragonlords' power," says Gilthanas grimly. "The time has come." The elven warrior points to a narrow vale leading into the mountains just east of Pax Tharkas. "Here lies the approach of the Sla-mori. We must move carefully: this valley is sometimes not a safe place."

The elf refers to legends about a band of trolls who have come down from the high mountains into the valley. He tells the PCs about the legends if they ask him. Urging haste, he then leads the party into the valley, to the secret gate of the Sla-mori, or "hidden path."

> A narrow trail climbs steeply from the plains into the wooded valley. Splashing with impartial cheer, a clear brook emerges from the cut in the mountains, as Gilthanas leads the party ever higher. Soon, the elf leaves the path and begins to pick his way through underbrush made especially dense by the falling of night.

24. Trolls

The trolls in this valley always place a guard to cover the approach from the plains. This troll

alerts its partners, and the three monsters attack the rear of the party as it leaves the trail and begins to move toward the Sla-mori. Check normally to see if the PCs are surprised.

3 Trolls. AL CE; MV 12"; hp 36, 31, 27; AC 4; HD 6+6; #AT 3; Dmg 5-8/5-8/2-12; regenerate 3 hp per round

The trolls try to kill two PCs and carry the bodies to their lair-a small cave on the opposite side of the valley, about 1000 yards away. The cave is 30' wide, 50' deep, and 10' high. It contains a collection of bones, worthless scraps of armor and weapons, a rusty key amid the rubbish at the back wall, a *shield +1,* and a locked strongbox. The key opens the strongbox, which contains 257 sp and 3 gems, worth 150 stl, 100 stl, and 200 stl.

25. The Gate

> Gilthanas leads the way along the base of a tall granite cliff for several hundred feet, halting at a slight niche in the wall. He takes a small, glowing gem from beneath his tunic and holds it forward with his right hand. Making a set of motions in the air, he chants an ancient series of incantations. Suddenly and silently, a tremendous stone block moves to the side.

Use Map C: "Sla-Mori" for the following encounters. The numbers of these and all further encounters are keyed to areas on maps.

26. The Ways of the Sla-Mori

> A whiff of musty dead air emerges as the huge block moves aside. The passage plunges directly into the heart of the mighty peak that guards the eastern flank of Pax Tharkas. A thick coat of dust layers the floor, and cobwebs hang loosely from the ceiling nearly 15' above. The tunnel is 20' wide and completely dark.
>
> Despite the many birds and small animals in the nearby woods-all chattering noisily but a few moments ago-the area is now covered by a stunned silence, as though the mountain protests this break-in and the animals have paused in sympathy.

Gilthanas advances firmly into the tunnel. If the PCs falter, he pauses and urges them forward with a whisper. He knows this area only through lore-he has never travelled it—and the grim passage makes him uneasy.

The tunnel is obviously ancient. Whether it was carved by hand or created by the flowing of water is impossible to determine. Loose chunks of rock litter the floor, and the walls and ceilings are crumbling. The dust on the floor looks like it has not been disturbed since the Cataclysm.

7. The Crossroads

> A crossroads offers a choice of directions 120 into the mountain. The corridor continues straight ahead at 20' wide; it also branches to the right in a corridor of about the same width.
>
> More significantly, the dust on the floor of the tunnels now shows the passage of many feet. The marks extend into both of the passages continuing into the mountain; only the corridor leading to the gate seems to have been untravelled before.

The tracks in the dust were made by a number of different types of creatures. Most of the tracks seem to be humanoid, although it is impossible to tell more. Most of the animal tracks are those of small, clawed creatures.

The corridor continuing straight ahead has more tracks in it.

28. Hall of the Ancients

> An eerie, gigantic hall has here fallen into decay. Many tall columns rise to a lofty ceiling, others have fallen over and litter the center of the room like the felled vallenwood trees of Solace. From behind the rubble comes a chittering and scratching.
>
> A huge granite throne sits against the left wail, flanked by two large statues. The stone guardians are warriors three times the height of a man, each armed with a broad, granite sword.
>
> Dwarfed by these images, the decayed remains of a man sit atop the throne. Gaunt, empty sockets and bared teeth stare from an ancient skull. A worn, once-regal cloak covers his body; a sheathed sword lies across his lap.

Further examination of the chamber reveals that the wall opposite the tunnel entrance has collapsed, apparently triggering the fall of the columns. A huge pile of rubble here is riddled with small tunnels and provides shelter for thousands of rats. The rodents are timid creatures, however, and represent no threat.

The double doors at the southwestern end of the room are closed, but swing open easily. They are made of bronze, now well-tarnished, and covered with a relief drawing of Pax Tharkas.

This is the burial chamber of Kith-Kanan, founder of Qualinesti. The elven prince and his dwarf comrades built the fortress of Pax Tharkas during the Age of Dreams. His tomb has been sealed further by the cataclysm, which has closed off access to Pax Tharkas proper. Your adventurers, of course, will have to find this out the hard way.

The sword across Kith-Kanan's lap represents one of the most potent weapons of his age: it is Wyrmslayer, a *two-handed sword +3.* If drawn from its scabbard, it gleams brightly with magical radiance. See Appendix 4: Treasures, for a complete description of this potent weapon.

27. The Closed Corridor

> The corridor widens to 60', still continuing forward. The air in the room is stale and musty; loose boulders and stones litter the floor, but apparently a wide path runs down the center of the corridor. This path is free of any speck of dust.

The far end of the corridor has been caved in by the Cataclysm. Boulders the size of houses are wedged together to form an impenenetrable wall.

A giant slug has cleaned the path through the chamber. It lives off the refuse created by the rats in Kith-Kanan's tomb.

1 Giant Slug. AL N; MV 6"; hp 58; AC 8; HD 12; #AT 1; Dmg 1-12; spits acid for 1-32 pts damage

The slug is wedged amid the boulders at the far end of the room, and will not detect the heroes until they advance to within 60'. Then the monster slides forth and attacks, pursuing if necessary. The slug can turn around in a 20' wide corridor; in any area narrower than this it must continue forward until it locates a wider space.

30. Chamber of Doom

> The winding of the narrow tunnel finally ends in a dark chamber. The air is heavy and cold here, and a nameless sense of evil throbs somewhere within these slick, stony walls. A thick layer of dust covers the floor, as if the frightened creatures living in the tunnels know better than to come here.

Lurking in the northwestern alcove of the room is the source of this nameless evil: a chilling wraith. This potent spirit begins to move forward as soon as it detects life in this room. Its attack is swift and merciless.

1 Wraith. AL LE; MV 12"/24"; hp 28; AC 4; HD 5+3; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 + energy drain; silver (½ dmg) or magical weapons needed to hit

This undead creature is the evil remnant of a graverobber who broke into the Sla-Mori trying to plunder the tomb of Kith-Kanan. Forcing entrance through the magic gate, he became trapped inside. Nourished only by the force of his own evil, his mortal body perished and left **only** the sinister presence that now dwells in this room.

The wraith will pursue trespassers. If the intended victims enter area 32, the zombies

emerge and aid the wraith; if the PCs flee into the loop at #31, the wraith will follow them before the sliding wall closes.

31. The Sliding Wall

In the area marked on the map is a sliding section of wall, constructed centuries ago as a trap for tomb robbers. The wall cannot be detected when open, as it is when the party first passes by.

When they reach the southwestern section of the loop (marked with an X), the lead characters feel the floor sink slowly for 1'. There is no other perceptable effect unless a character is very near the sliding wall, which closes when the trigger is sprung. When closed, the sliding wall can be discovered as a secret door, and opened when pushed by a combined strength of 50 or greater. Up to 5 characters may push at once. The door cannot be opened from the outside.

32. Tomb of the Zombies

> The tunnel breaks into the corner of an old hall, obviously constructed with care in some distant age. A wide center aisle stretches to the limits of sight, and a row of stone doors lines each side.
>
> Rats have passed over the dust on the floor throughout the Sla-Mori, but much less often in here than in most other areas. None of the tracks approach the doors, which are supported by huge iron hinges spiked right into the stone. Each door has an iron handle, but apparently no lock.

This is the tomb of Kith-Kanan's elite royal guard. Through a lifetime of valued service to their lord, these honored elves, dwarves, and men have earned the right to burial here.

In the centuries since, however, an evil perversion has corrupted the bodyguard, creating a band of mindless zombies commanded to perform only one task: kill all intruders!

40 Zombies. AL N; MV 6"; hp 10 each; AC 8; HD 2; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8; always strike last in melee; immune to sleep, charm, hold, and cold-based spells

The undead lie on stone biers, two behind each door. They arise and attack when any of the following occur:

- One of the tomb doors is opened.
- Any magical spell, rod, wand, etc. is used in the room. (Does not count magical weapons used to shed light.)
- The double doors in the south end of the room are opened.
- The wraith (from area 30) enters the room and commands the zombies to arise.

Coldly and silently, the zombies close in on the party and try to destroy them. Any that are turned by a cleric escape by the most convenient route, even returning to their tombs if they can.

The double doors at the southwestern end of the room are made of solid bronze. Like the doors in Kith-Kanan's tomb, they bear a raised outline of Pax Tharkas, done in considerable detail. This design adorns each side of the doors. They are unlocked, and open silently with a push.

33. Hall of Columns

> This large chamber echoes softly with the sounds of any passage, quiet though it is. Puffs of dust rise with each footfall on the floor - here again is an area that seems not to have known the passage of a living soul in decades.
>
> The passage gradually widens from the doors, but the true dimensions of the room are lost in darkness. A row of stately granite columns lines each wall about 10' into the room. These are plain supports with no ornate carvings or unusual shapes, but they seem to have been constructed with great care. The fact that they have survived the cataclysm intact indicates that their builders were accomplished engineers.

This chamber is the fruit of dwarven labors. Designed as a fitting entryway to the resting place of Kith-Kanan's elite, its plain construction and simple design are elegant.

You should make careful note that the chambers from here to Pax Tharkas (33-37 on the map) have not been travelled in over a century. The rats and other small creatures roaming the outer tunnels, as well as wandering monsters, never pass through the Hall of Zombies into this area. Therefore, thick dust covers everything, and the adventurers have no encounters in these areas.

34. Trap

> A single bronze door swings open easily, into a short corridor that runs for 60' to another bronze door, identical to the first. Each door bears the inscription of a jeweled crown.
>
> The dust in this corridor is very thick, and undisturbed by any tracks.

Dwarven engineers rigged the last 20' of the corridor as a trap for unwary trespassers. When any pressure is applied to the false door, either pushing or pulling, a 20' section of the floor drops away. All characters standing on it fall 20' into a pit and suffer 3d6 of damage.

15. Chain and Support

> The long, dusty corridor finally passes through a bronze door into a large, circular room. Here, as in the corridors leading into the chamber, the dust on the floor is thick and unmarked. A curious feature of the room is the column in its center, which slants to the side but but climbs far out of sight above.
>
> A little closer look makes it obvious that the column is actually a massive chain, supported by a huge iron bracket sunk into the center of the floor. Each link is as long as a man, and the iron bands forming the links are nearly a foot thick. The bracket in the floor is 15 across and nearly 3' thick.

This chain is the final support mechanism for the heavy stone defenses that protect Pax Tharkas against attack from the north. If it is released, massive blocks of granite drop behind the gate of the fortress, blocking any attempts to batter down the portal with even the most massive of rams.

The chain rises through the ceiling of the room, 100' above, in a narrow channel, to the defense mechanism chamber of Pax Tharkas. (See Area 61.) Although the chain nearly fills the chute, a small individual (a kender or human child) could climb the chain and emerge into the defense mechanism chamber. Such an ascent would require Thieving ability and a successful "Climb Sheer Surfaces" roll.

6. Tharkadan Treasure Vault

> Having detected the secret door, locating the concealed latch is a simple matter. It releases with a soft click, and a section of the stone wall swings silently inward.
>
> The room beyond is fairly large, and nearly filled with yellow, brick-like objects that glitter through a layer of dust.

Stacked 25 high, 25,000 gold ingots line the walls around the room. Each contains the equivalent of 1,000 gp of the metal. Gold was valued highly by the dwarves of Pax Tharkas in the Age of Dreams, but it is of little use to the current adventurers.

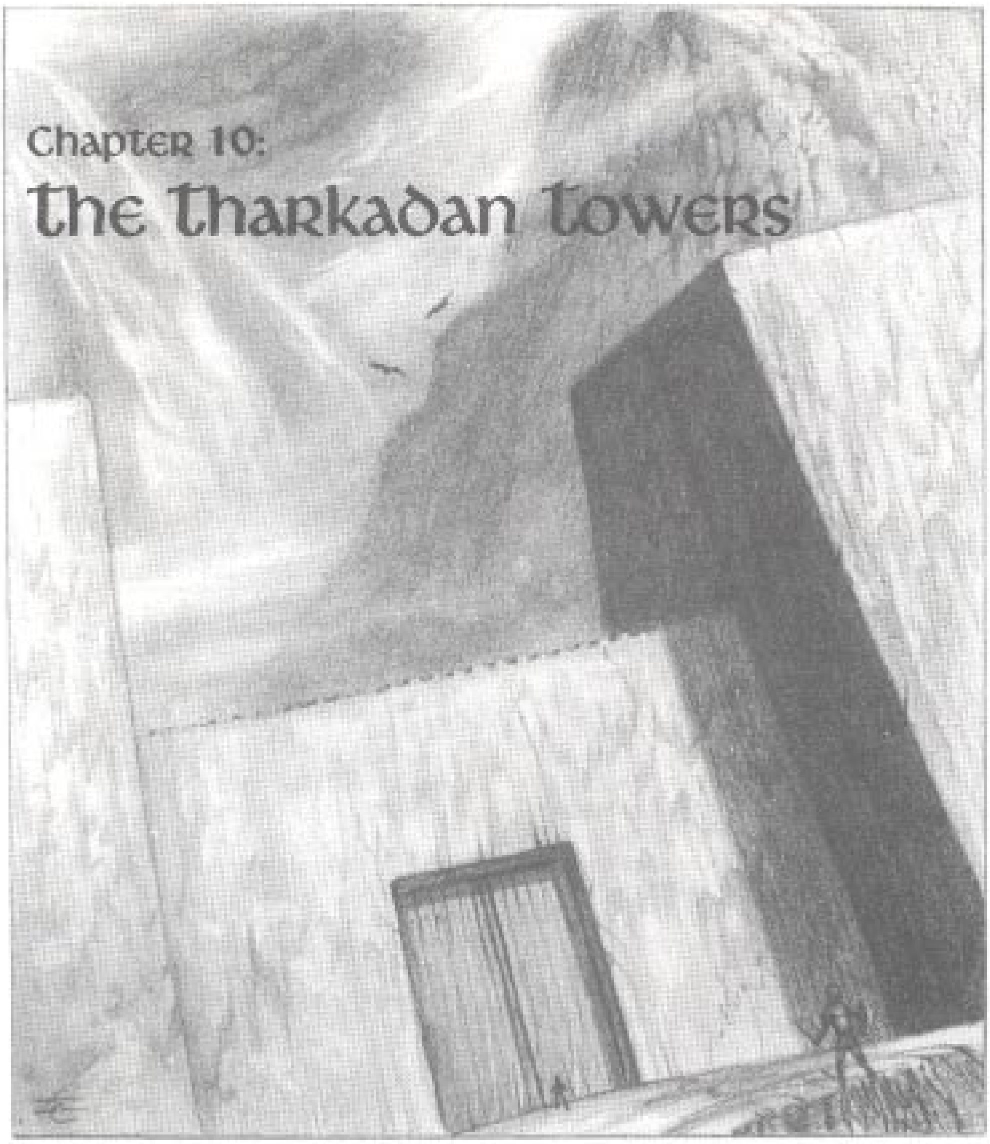
37. Gate to Pax Tharkas

Do not read this passage until the adventurers have discovered the secret door.

> The wall that seems to block the corridor is a secret door, apparently activated by a small catch near the ground. Beyond the portal is silence.

Finally your adventurers have reached the walls of Pax Tharkas itself. If they decide to advance, use the map of Pax Tharkas.

Chapter 10: The Tharkadan Towers



The heroes enter the mighty fortress, and find the plainsmen held prisoner there. With luck and good planning, a rescue may succeed.

The cut-away map displaying Pax Tharkas should be used for the following series of encounters. Note that the map does not show the entire fortress, but only those areas the heroes are able to visit. This includes the ground floors of each of the two towers, as well as the underground level and second floor of the east tower. The wall connecting the two towers, and the holding bin for many tons of rock which can be used to block the gate are also shown.

In area 63, immediately inside the doors to both the east and west towers, are two ropes attached to an alarm mechanism. If any members of the Dragonlord's army see the heroes and manage to pull one of these, the fortress will be "alerted". In this case, double the number of random encounter checks, and double the number of creatures encountered in the fortress. Surprise will thereafter be impossible.

As the party enters the fortress, Gilthanas should mention that there is a gate-blocking mechanism within the walls. This can be used to seal the gates for a long period, and—if the party could activate it-would be useful in delaying the pursuit by the dragonarmy that just marched off to the north.

38. Cellar

> Three tunnels lead from the secret door through a maze of crushed stone and broken timbers. The tunnels have been cleared from an area that was once totally caved in. A thin, undisturbed coat of dust

The tunnels all lead to a large cellar room, with rough and rocky walls to the east, but a finely crafted, smooth stone wall to the west. A large wooden door stands near the center of the west wall.

To the heroes' left as they enter is a pile of wooden crates, nailed shut. These contain clothing, pots and pans, curtains, heavy coats, boots, and blankets. A character passing a wisdom check can identify the items as coming from Solace and Gateway.

Also in the large room is a deep well, capable of providing fresh water in times of siege or if the streams flowing from the mountains outside of the fortress should dry up.

39. Lower Guardroom

Listening at the door to this room reveals the rasping voices of dragonmen mingled with a woman's voice. The woman sounds upset. The door is solid, but not locked or stuck.

If the heroes open the door slowly and carefully, they can watch the following scene for a few moments. Of course, if they smash down the door, the dragonmen move to fight at once.

> A savage-looking dragonman hauls a young woman by the arm. He hurls her toward a door on the far side of the room, growling: "My lord Verminaard requires your presence! Who are you to refuse his noble calling?" The monster advances toward the girl, menacingly, while three other draconians watch, their faces twisted in hideous grins.
>
> The prisoner tosses her hair over her shoulder, revealing her face. It is the elven princess Laurana!

The draconian takes the girl from the room, unless interrupted by the heroes. If combat erupts while she is in the room, the girl runs to the southern end and crouches there until the fight is over.

8 Kapak Draconians. AL LE; MV 6"[15"]/18"; hp 15 each; AC 4; HD 3; #AT 1 (shortsword); Dmg 1-6 + possible poison; turn to acid pool on death

If attacked suddenly, the kapaks have no time to envenom their blades. If more than one of them is slain, survivors try to escape through the west door and alert the fortress.

Although Laurana is quite startled by the sudden events, she is spirited and courageous: she quickly recovers her wits. She has been kept in area 42, but knows that 41 and 40 also contain some of the women from the north. The keys to all of these rooms are kept on the belt of one of the draconian guards.

If the PCs do not enter the room before Laurana is dragged out, she is taken before Verminaard. If not rescued by the heroes, she dies an "obscure death" and will return in a later module.

40. Women's Prison #1

This cell holds 34 women from Solace, Gateway, and Haven. Rude straw mats line the walls, and several low chairs are scattered about. No other furniture or other accomodations are present.

Maritta the Seamstress is one of the prisoners in this room. She is generally regarded by the women as their leader and spokesperson. It is she who leads the group of 10 women each evening up to the chamber on the ground floor (room #57) to feed and tend to the children. The youngsters are imprisoned there under the watchful eyes of the red dragon Flamestrike.

Also in this room is a battered Elistan, injured from a fall in the mines. Because of his influential position, the Dragonlords allow the women to tend him, when they would let most prisoners die unaided. Even so, Elistan is near death and needs magical healing.

If the PCs heal Elistan, he abandons his disbelief and embraces the true gods. He renounces his past beliefs and begins to worship Paladine. Goldmoon's medallion will magically duplicate, and Elistan's will contain the symbol of Paladine.

41. Women's Prison #2

This chamber is the prison of more of the mothers from the northlands. Sixty women between the ages of 18 and 40 are locked up here, in much the same conditions as the women next door.

42. Maidens

This room holds 45 young women, between the ages of 12 and 20, who have not married and borne children. As in the other two rooms, the conditions are squalid and dirty.

The women from all of these cells react with quiet joy to the thought of rescue; this reaction, however, cools in the knowledge that the red dragon above still watches the children.

The women explain the situation to the heroes, including the procedure for tending the children every evening. The women also know that many other women are held on the bottom floor of the western tower. The men are forced to work in the mines, and are kept in a rude cave south of the fortress during those brief periods when they are not working.

The women also send a group of 12 up to the mines to feed the men every night. They wear heavy shawls and robes to protect against the autumn chill, and the guards pay little attention to those in either feeding mission, Thus, any characters concealed as these women would be able to move about the fortress fairly safely, as long as their movement could conceivably be one of these feeding missions.

If the heroes do not think of this, Maritta suggests that armed men, disguised in women's robes, could enter the chamber where the children are kept and rescue them.

If the PCs decide to make a rescue attempt in this way, Maritta has the following advice about Flamestrike:

> "You must try to pass the dragon quietly, as she sleeps very deeply. I don't think she would normally harm the children-in fact, she seems very fond of them-but do not attack her, even if she should awaken. She is half mad, and there's no telling what she might do if aroused."

43. Chamber of the Aghar

> A series of strange noises rise from behind this door: first, a loud crash, followed several seconds later by a dull "thump", and then gales of raucous laughter. The laughter dies down slowly, and after a minute the pattern repeats.

The women have no idea what is in this room. The door is quite typical, and does not seem to be locked. In fact, it is not even stuck and opens to reveal the following:

> A long timber is balanced on a boulder in the center of the room. At each end of the timber is a wide, dish-shaped container. Set on the ground by these containers is a pile of large stones and a tall wooden box. Huge mattresses of straw have been spread on the floor beyond either end of the timber. A dozen short, stocky creatures scurry frantically around the timber, shouting and cursing each other. They wear oversized tin helmets, and several wear swords in their belts. Because these swords are several inches longer then their legs, those creatures who wear them often get them tangled between their feet, sprawling headlong onto the floor.
>
> Shortly a pattern emerges. One of these creatures (who by now are recognitable as Aghar gully dwarves) climbs into the dish at one end of the timber, dropping that end to the ground like a large see-saw. Three other Aghar climb onto the wooden box at the other end of the timber, where comrades have already raised three of the large stones. The Aghar on the boxes drop the stones together into the dish below them, dropping that end to the ground and catapulting the dwarf at the other end through the air, over the heads of the three on the box, and into the mattress of straw.
>
> After each of these stunts, all the Aghar laugh uproariously, then run around crazily for a while until the process is ready to start again.

These Aghar are servants of the draconians, amusing themselves in their off-duty moments. If the PCs do not announce their presence, the dwarves do not notice them for 2-8 rounds.

When and if the Aghar discover the adventurers, they cease their game immediately and dive for cover behind the timber and stones. A minute later, several of the tin helmets peek from behind this cover.

Finally, one of the sword-bearing gully dwarves swaggers forward. His face is hidden behind a bushy beard, and his tin helmet shadows his eyes. In fact, he can see very little; as he nears the party, he trips over his sword and falls headlong, his helmet rolling to the feet of the forward PCs. The dwarf rushes to snatch his helmet back, blustering about trespassers and uninvited guests.

This is Highklahd Drooth, leader of the Klahd Clan of the Aghar. Angrily he demands an explanation from the party; although what they are supposed to explain will be unclear.

12 Gully Dwarfs (Klahd Clan Aghar). AL CN; MV 12"; hp 7 each; AC 8; HD 2; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-6 or 1-4/1-4

These Aghar are no friends of the Dragonlords, and only remain here since Pax Tharkas has been their clan home for centuries. Although suspicious and cranky, they will not betray the party, and may offer aid if approached with "appropriate honor."

The Aghar are quite familiar with the layout of the fortress, and even understand how the stonedrop mechanism to seal the gate operates. Their services must be purchased, however: rope, weapons, armor, food, clothing, or things that might work as "toys" can all be used for barter. Note that the Aghar are essentially cowardly, and do not voluntarily get involved in risky business.

The Aghar are aware that Sestun is being held prisoner in area 50, for the crime of aiding the escape of a group of Fewmaster Toede's prisoners. If the heroes aid in his rescue, the Aghar will be much more willing to take risks for the party.

44. Storage Room

The door to this room is locked.

> Many rows of crates, boxes, and barrels line the walls of this large room. Several boxes containing iron nails are open nearby. All other containers are closed.

Stored here are 72 barrels of oil, 20 barrels of fresh water, 12 barrels of salt, 20 crates of nails, 140 boxes of grain, 43 crates of wool woven into 4' by 8' pieces (430 pieces total), 12 crates of leather in the same dimensions (60 pieces total), and 30 boxes of pots and pans.

If the oil is ignited, the contents of the room burn up in 2 turns. One turn after such a fire begins, the hallway outside fills with smoke. PCs in this area take 1-6 points of damage per round until they reach fresh air.

The smoke continues to spread at this rate, filling all adjacent areas each turn if no door blocks the way. Areas behind doors take two turns to fill with smoke. Those rooms adjacent to rooms filled with smoke fill on the following turn (or two, if a door blocks the way), and so on for twenty turns, when the fire extinguishes from lack of air.

45. Upper Hallway

> This hallway is furnished with great care, creating an atmosphere of comfort and luxury. A plush purple carpet blankets the floor, and many tapestries of rich red and golden colors decorate the walls. Each of the several doors is made of dark-grained vallenwood and has golden rivets, hinges, and latches.
>
> At closer examination, however, the luxury begins to wear thin. Great, dark stains blot the carpet in many places, and a wide muddy trail mars the center of the floor. Some of the tapestries, depicting pastoral woodland scenes, have been defaced: charcoal has been used to add a beard and mustache to an elven princess, and long slashes ruin a scene of elves and dwarves in council.

This hallway connects most of the rooms on the first floor of the tower, and thus receives a lot of traffic. Double the usual number of random encounter checks while the party is in this area.

Standing outside the throne room (area 51) are two hobgoblin guards. They do not attack on sight but are very suspicious of any armed characters in the hallway and demand identification. If alarmed, they rush to get their comrades from area 49.

2 Hobgoblins. AL LE; MV 9"; hp 6 each; AC 5; HD l+l; #AT 1 (longsword); Dmg 1-8

46. Reception Room

> Much like the outer hallway, this room has the appearance of former luxury now fallen into decay. The carpet is slashed and spotted; many fine pieces of furniture are strewn across the dirty floor. Some fancy chairs have been splintered, apparently so their legs can be used as firewood, since a smoky blaze struggles in a huge fireplace.
>
> A strong smell of ale hangs in the air, and a large keg lies on its side in the center of the room. Another keg sits in the far corner, and around it crouch 5 draconians.

These draconians have been drinking. If they are disturbed, they react aggressively. They take time to envenom their blades as they charge across the room.

5 Kapak Draconians. AL LE; MV 6"[15"]/ 18"; hp 16 each; AC 4; HD 4; #AT 1 (shortsword) Dmg 1-6 + poison; turn to acid pool on death

If 3 draconians are killed, the remaining two realize that the PCs are tougher opponents than they thought, and bolt for the door opposite the one the party entered. Once in the hallway, they raise a cry, alerting the fortress.

47. Dining Room

> For some reason, this elegant room escaped the destruction throughout the rest of the fortress. A shiny table made of smooth vallenwood occupies the center of the room. It is surrounded by a dozen finely crafted chairs. An undamaged carpet, of the same rich purple found in the hallway, covers the floor.
>
> Three golden chandeliers hang from the ceiling, each ablaze with dozens of candles. Many more candles flicker from sconces in the wall, bathing the room in bright and cheery light.
>
> The table is set for four, with fine china and silver. A large platinum pitcher is placed in the center of the table; beads of moisture have collected on it. Four matching platinum goblets stand next to the pitcher.

The goblet contains ice water. If a player asks about the length of the candles, inform them no wax has dripped from them, so they have apparently been lighted very recently.

If the party remains in this room for two rounds, the gully dwarves from the kitchen enter, carrying trays of steaming food. If the encounter occurs in the dining room, play it the same as described for the kitchen. Note that these Aghar are encountered in one place or the other. but not in both areas!

48. Kitchen

> A long counter is covered with a wide variety of foodstuffs, and several ovens spew smoke into the air. Four Aghar run busily around the room, armed with pots, pans, and in one case, a large meat cleaver. Several inches of liquid—perhaps some kind of gravy—spread over the floor, and the gully dwarves are coated with all kinds of food.
>
> As the door opens, two of the Aghar turn their attention toward it and collide headlong with each other, falling to the floor amid great splashes and loud cursing. A third gully dwarf snarls: "Dinner ain't gonna be ready for hours if we can't get some priwicy what to work in! Now git lost!" He moves forward, a heavy frying pan raised aggressively.

4 Gully Dwarves (Klahd Clan Aghar). AL CN; MV 12"; hp 7 each; AC 8; HD 2; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-6 or 1-4/1-4

These Aghar are the official cooks for Verminaard, present lord of Pax Tharkas. While they are afraid of the Dragonlord, they are rude and unpleasant to everyone else.

If the heroes attack them, the gully dwarves will turn and run.

If the heroes identify themselves as enemies of the Dragonlord, the gully dwarves become much friendlier, although they are still suspicious. They explain that they are preparing Verminaard's dinner, and that he is planning to entertain one of the women from downstairs as his guest. The meal consists of fresh bread, a fine haunch of venison, potatoes, and apples. These Aghar are actually not bad cooks, so the meal will be a good one.

The Aghar cooperate very little if the heroes ask for any kind of aid. In no case do the gully dwarves do anything (such as poison the meal) that might cost them their heads. They might provide secret aid, however, if they have very little chance of being caught.

These dwarves know that Sestun is imprisoned in area 50. If the heroes aid him, the gully dwarves will be much friendlier to them.

49. Guardroom

If the heroes listen at the door here, they hear loud laughter and argument within. The voices are not draconian.

> Many chairs and benches of rude wooden construction are scattered about this room. Sitting or moving around the room are several dozen ugly guards, their grinning faces displaying ugly tusks. Their skin is a ruddy yellow color, and they are all armed with swords and daggers.

This room is the duty quarters for the hobgoblin guards. They have been playing various gambling games, eating, or practicing with weapons. They rush to attack any intruders.

28 Hobgoblins. AL LE; MV 9"; hp 5; AC 5; HD 1+1; #AT 1 (longsword); Dmg 1-8

If the heroes enter the room and fight with the door closed, the fortress will not be alerted. Otherwise, the alarms will certainly go off. The hobgoblins fight to the death.

Hanging on a nail in the wall is a key that unlocks the cell next door (area 50). Scattered about the room, on tables and the floor as well as carried by individual hobgoblins, are 54 stl, 187 sp, and 327 bp.

50. Prison Cell

The door is heavy and barred, and has a small hatch near the bottom. A massive lock protects the latch to the door as well as the hatch.

If the heroes pick the lock, or use the key found in area 49, read the following. Note that this door cannot be smashed in.

The large room contains only a single occupant: a dirty, unshaven, and very smelly gully dwarf. He looks up angrily from a straw mat on the stone floor, then seems surprised by the appearance of his visitors.

This is Sestun, the gully dwarf who freed the heroes from their cage in the slave caravan. Although he slipped away from the caravan, he was captured by a party of draconians as he moved southward. Now he is being held prisoner while Verminaard attempts to come up with a suitably vicious punishment.

As revealed by his actions in the caravan, Sestun is an Aghar of high courage and spirit. He despises the Dragonlords and hates their draconian and hobgoblin servants.

Sestun is willing to participate in anything that is likely to anger Verminaard: he knows that he has no future working for the Dragonlord. If he is offered a chance to escape, he will do so, causing as much trouble on the way out as possible. When the slaves make their escape to the south, Sestun will be tagging along in the background.

If any PCs are captured in Pax Tharkas, they are disarmed and placed in this room. Their possessions are taken to Verminaard and placed behind his throne. In 2-12 hours, the Dragonlord calls the captive(s) before him, asking them to betray their comrades and explain their purpose in Pax Tharkas. Refusal results in being fed to the red dragon Ember.

51. Verminaard's Throne Room

The massive double doors that lead into this room are unlocked, and push open silently. If the heroes open them only slightly, they may hide and observe the discussion described here.

The PCs may also observe this discussion from the balcony (area 60) or through a crack in the wall of the chain room (area 61). Of course, if the party visits several of these places, they observe this scene only the first time they look into the throne room.

This huge, looming chamber was obviously the throne room for the elven and dwarven races that built the great fortress. Tall columns brace the ceiling, and a huge stone throne occupies a central spot.

Tall silvery mirrors line the walls, creating the impression that the room is even larger than it really is. In the middle of the west wall, a pair of huge doors—easily 12' high by 20' wide-lead from the throne room.

A figure seated in the throne wears the hideous mask of a dragonlord. His hoarse voice rasps from behind the grotesque covering, addressing a cringing figure before him:

"Toede, you miserable rodent, you have the gift of ruining the simplest plans! As if kidnapping the elf maiden wasn't bad enough...now thanks to your idiocy, your incompetence, that cleric has been allowed to live, bringing my opposite power back among men! Find them and slay them all... bring me their heads before the day is out!

"If that traitor that I planted among them does not do the job, then the task is on your shoulders. Hear me well, Toede: either your head or theirs will decorate my throne room tonight!"

The figure before the dragonlord cringes even more, and begins to speak in a pathetic whine. "Your most worshipful lord, I offer my hopelessly inadequate apology. If I had known that the ones you seek were imprisoned in my caravan, I would have brought you their heads personally as I brought you the elf maid Laurana. If not for the treachery of one of the loathsome Aghar, they would even now be kneeling before you, prisoners to your tender mercies..."

"Enough!" roars the dragonlord. "You have my warning, now go!" The voice lowers, heavy with menace. "And Toede, do not fail me again..."

Toede turns and scuttles for the doors, while two draconian guards pull them open to allow the Fewmaster quick exit. Of course, any intruders at the door are discovered at this time.

As Toede races for the door, Verminaard leans back in his throne and slowly surveys the room. If any heroes are watching from the door, the balcony, or the chain room, he sees them in the mirrors. He calls: "Ember!" and the red dragon immediately pushes through the double doors on the west wall. "Destroy them!" is Verminaard's next command.

There are 6 kapak draconian guards in the throne room, as well as Verminaard (an 8th level cleric). The draconians enter the combat only if, for some reason, the dragon seems to have trouble making the kill. Verminaard stays out of range and watches the fight; if Ember takes ½ damage, the dragon flees through the double doors and up through the chimney, but not before he has stopped and let Verminaard mount.

6 Kapak Draconians. AL LE; MV 6"[15"]/18"; hp 20 each; AC 4; HD 3; #AT 1 (shortsword); 2; Dmg 1-6 + poison; turn to acid pool on death

Ember (Pyros), an ancient, huge red dragon. AL CE; MV 9"/24"; hp 88; AC-1; HD 11; #AT 3; Dmg 1-8/1-8/3-30; fire breath. Spells:
First Level: *sleep, detect magic*
Second level: *web, mirror image*
Third level: *haste, slow*
Fourth 1evel: *polymorph self wall of fire*

NPC Capsule:
Verminaard, Dragonlord of the Red Wing. C8; AL LE; S14, 112, W16, D10, C15, Ch18; MV 12"; hp 50; AC 1. Spells:
1st Level: *curse, cure fight wounds (x2), detect good, cause fear*
2nd Level: *hold person, chant, augury, snake charm, spiritual hammer*
3rd Level: *animate dead, cause disease, prayer*
4th Level: *cause serious wounds, cure serious wounds*
Wears *plate mail* +2. Carries *Nightbringer mace +3* (see appendix 4).

Verminaard's face is concealed behind the grotesque mask of a Dragonlord—a vicious, almost machinelike visor that has a pair of wicked horns curving from the forehead. He wears shiny blue plate mail and a billowing blue cape. Standing well over 6' tall, Verminaard presents an imposing image of evil.

Verminaard is dedicated to the ruthless destruction of good in all its forms. No shred of conscience disturbs him in his quest for power. He controls all of the lands from the Seeker kingdoms south to Pax Tharkas, and works busily to extend his power.

52. Verminaard's Quarters

Verminaard has taken over these three connecting rooms as living quarters. The doors are all polished vallenwood, and locked securely. Verminaard himself carries the only keys.

52a. Waiting Room

This room has kept its former splendor: the plush carpet on the floor is undamaged, and the chairs and couches are all richly upholstered. A small table sits in the center of the room, and a pair of crystal goblets and a crystal decanter filled with a golden liquid sparkle from atop the table.

A large tapestry covers the far wall, and this is the only indication that the fortress has recently changed hands: it displays a huge red dragon, jaws agape, spewing flame over a small village. Several large candelabra provide steady light for the chamber.

52b. Private Dining Room

> Half of this chamber is filled by a polished table of gleaming dark wood. A buffet with glass doors displays a priceless collection of china and silver. Light spills from a pair of golden chandeliers, each supporting many flickering candles.
>
> A pair of tapestries have been added to the east and south walls of this room. One shows a massive red dragon landing amid a troop of armored horsemen and wreaking gory havoc. The second shows a region of black mountains, heavy with mist and shadows, where a looming fortress rises up in the distance.

A small locked drawer in the bottom of the hutch is trapped with a poison needle (save vs. poison or die). Within the drawer are four small bottles, containing 2 *potions of extra healing*, a *potion of gaseous form*, and a *potion of in visibility.*

52c. Verminaard's Bedroom

> This chamber seems to be a combination office and bedroom. A huge bed, lushly canopied and quilted, nearly fills the southern end. A large wooden closet sits next to it. Across the floor are spread rugs made from the skins of many of the large carnivores found throughout Krynn: brown bears, jaguars, panthers, wolves, and a tiger.
>
> The other end of the room is taken up by a large desk, plain wooden chair, small table, and washbasin. Three tapestries, picturing scenes of dragon-wrought destruction, add a dark touch to the walls. Several smoky torches flicker in sconces. Several candles and a lamp sit on the desk, but they are unlit.

Spread upon the desk are many maps of this portion of Ansalon, showing the gradual increase in lands controlled by the Dragonlords. On top of the pile is a map of Qualinesti, showing that peaceful land pierced by three great daggers: two moving from northeast and northwest, and one advancing straight from Pax Tharkas, just as the elves had reported.

Another sheet of paper diagrams the permanent defenses of Pax Tharkas, showing how the chain and stone mechanism (room 62) operates to block the massive gates.

The desk has one drawer, firmly locked and guarded with a dose of sleep gas. If the lock is picked without deactivating the trap, all in the room fall asleep for 2-12 turns, no saving throw. This drawer contains two sheets of rolled parchment, each a clerical scroll. They contain these spells:

Scroll #1: *cure serious wounds, prayer, find traps*
Scroll #2: *light, augury, cure light wounds*

The closet contains several robes, a black cape, a pair of boots, and a suit of black plate mail.

53. Children's Playroom

This door is barred on the outside with a heavy wooden beam.

> The large, open room has no furniture. Scattered about are small bits of wood and rags carved or sewn into dolls, wagons, balls, and other toys. A tall arch on the east wall leads into darkness. Next to the arch is a normal wooden door. A pair of huge doors in the southwest corner apparently lead outside, since four windows in that same wall admit some cool fresh air.

The double doors are held by a very heavy beam, requiring a total of 25 points of strength to remove. There is a similar beam on the ground outside these doors that may be used to bar them shut. The door to room 54 is not locked. If the fortress has been alerted, there will be 6 Kapaks here. Use Random Encounter 4.

54. Storeroom

> Many shelves line the walls of this small room. Stacked upon them are blankets, cloaks, tiny boots, and a number of toys similar to the ones strewn about the play-

The cloaks are all children's sizes.

55. Chamber of the Nursemaid

> The arched tunnel enters another room, even larger than the playroom. No windows shed light into this area, but a soft, wheezing noise gives evidence of another presence here. Soon, the torchlight falls across a monstrous red tail, then massive crimson flanks that rise and fall with a slow, rhythmic pattern.
>
> Now the great head appears: eyes closed, forked tongue extending from wicked jaws, and nostrils flaring ever so slightly with the slow breaths. This chamber is occupied by an ancient red dragon!

NPC Capsule:
Flamestrike (Mataflure). Ancient Red Dragon; AL CE; MV 9 "/24"; hp 88; AC -1; #AT 3; Dmg 1-81 1-8/3-24

> Flamestrike jooks every bit: as awesome as is usual for her kind, but a close look reveals that this dragon suffers some of the ill effects of age. Many of her teeth are blunted or broken (accounting for her lessened bite damage), while one of her eyes is cloudy and apparently blind. Long scars mark her weathered flanks, and she looks unusually slender, perhaps even scrawny.
>
> Flamestrike lost her brood of young to an unknown enemy years ago, and this tragedy has deeply scarred her personality. She is a very careful guardian of the children, and would never harm one of them under any circumstance. She deals harshly with those she believes threaten "her" children. The only visitors she allows are the 10 women who, once a day, arrive to feed and care for the youngsters.

56. Food Storage and Preparation

> On the right hand wall of this room, several shelves are piled high with goods. To the left, a large oven and a pot-covered counter run along the wall. The small room is cluttered with food and utensils.

In this room the women prepare the food for the children. Barrels of salt pork, beans, salt, flour, lard, dried meat, and potatoes sit on the shelves.

57. Children's Room

> This large room bustles with several hundred children, ranging in age from infants to about 12 years old. Their frightened, questioning faces stare at the doorway. Several of the older boys and girls stand protectively before the younger children, as if to spare them the sight of anything horrible.
>
> Although fear and hardship have struck these youngsters unjustly, their spirit has not been broken. Courage and resolve shine in the faces of the older children, and the younger ones look to their older brothers and sisters with respect and pride. Not even the smallest baby is crying.

There are 180 children in this room. They will recognize and instantly respond to Maritta, if she is with the heroes. Otherwise, a very mature boy and girl advance to talk privately with the PCs, seeking information about them. The children will never consent to leave unless convinced that their parents will join them in freedom.

If the heroes begin to rescue the children, they file slowly and silently past the sleeping Flamestrike. The red dragon stirs in her sleep, but. does not awaken until all but a few dozen of the children have passed—unless, of course, a PC attacks or arouses her.

When the dragon wakes up, read the following:

> The great red dragon slowly raises her head, muttering softly: "Maritta, you take all of my children together... is it not easier with a few at a time?" Blinking her one good eye, Flamestrike slowly looks around and sniffs the chamber. Suddenly, she screams with rage and springs to her feet!
> "You cannot steal my children!"

Flamestrike will try to attack the heroes with teeth and claws. She will never use her breath weapon while the children are nearby!

If the heroes escape with the children to the outside, Flamestrike cannot follow them through the double doors. She will not emerge from the fortress until the moment described in "Escape from Pax Tharkas."

58. Upper Landing

> The stairway emerges into a long, narrow room. Two silver-coated doors, embossed with an image of an elf and a dwarf holding a lute between them, lead to the left. The lute is an ancient symbol of peace in Krynn, so the artwork dates these doors to the period of elven and dwarven cooperation when Pax Tharkas was built.

The secret door operates by twisting a stone that is set into the door itself.

59. Gallery

> This huge room is chilly, exposed to the autumn drafts by a number of slit windows along the curving walls. To the left, it follows the angle of the wall of the fortress out of sight.
> The entire outer wall of the room is covered with paintings. The different styles and varying degree of aging indicate that they were created over a long span of Krynn's history. The paintings show woodland scenes, rugged mountains, several views of Pax Tharkas, and portraits of various elves and dwarves, dressed in fine costume.

Nothing lives in this room, so the heroes may take their time here without being bothered. If they wish to examine the pictures closely, they will see that the oldest paintings are directly before them. They seemed to be organized chronologically, getting more recent as a viewer moves to the left.

Read the following if the party takes time to look at the artwork.

> The first paintings show a high mountain pass glittering in the light of the sun. snowfields flash among the peaks, and thick forests cover the lower slopes. Many streams, swollen by ponds and waterfalls, wind into the lowlands.
> A large band of sturdy dwarves labors in the pass, building a low stone wall across the opening. Now many elves appear, bearing huge logs on low wagons, and the wall takes on a familiar form. First the main wall of Pax Tharkas goes up, elves and dwarves working side by side in the monumental task. Then, even as two curtain walls rise on the slopes below the main wall, two mighty towers begin to inch their way into the sky.
> After a few pictures displaying the various stages of construction, during which the seasons make the yearly cycle several times, the fortress assumes its current shape. Following this series are a number of portraits displaying various elves and dwarves, usually dressed in shiny plate mail and bearing gleaming weapons. A number of these paintings have been crudely defaced.
> Then begins a series where mighty dragons rage about the towers of Pax Tharkas. Acid, lightning, fire and cold all rain down upon courageous defenders, driving them from the parapets to shelter within the solid walls. Soon, the mighty dragons land all over the fortress, and it seems that mighty Pax Tharkas has fallen.
> But then new weapons appear. Long, slender, and gleaming like polished silver, these lances are carried by fighters of highest courage. Slowly, at a fearful cost, the dragons are driven from the towers and walls. Great gashes burrow into their scaly hides, as they begin to bleed and die. Finally, although the parapets are red with the defenders' blood, the skies are free of dragons, and it seems that peace has once again returned.
> At this point, the course of history has carried halfway around the room. Several more portraits follow, this time displaying human leaders in historic poses; then the series ends.
> Faded spots on the wall show that more paintings hung here at one time; a pile of blackened ashes at the far end of the room provides a clue to their fate.

60. Balcony

> Many slender columns support a high ceiling. Twenty feet from the wall, the floor drops sharply into a deep pit-actually, two pits separated by a stone wall. The larger of these is well lit, and voices rise from inside it. The second, smaller pit is dark.

If the heroes advance to look into the lighted pit, read them the scene described for area 51. If they look into the darkened pit, read the following:

> Enough light filters over the wall, and through the huge connecting doors, to cast a faint glow on the bottom of this pit. Curled up there, alert eyes blinking warily here and there, is the serpentine form of a monstrous red dragon!

Any untoward noise from the PCs, or other signs of their presence, brings Ember flaming upward for the kill. Her statistics are listed under area 51.

61. Chamber of the Chain

This cavernous room can be entered through the secret door in room 58, or (by a halfling) by climbing the chain that is anchored in the Sla-Mori.

> A thick layer of dust coats the floor of this vast chamber. Much rubble, in the form of boulders and small stones, lies strewn about. Running along the wall is a mighty chain, made of foot- thick steel bars bent into 6' long links and held taut by some unimaginable force.
> A thin trickle of light leaks through a crack in the wall, leading into a large room. Voices can be heard through this crack.

If a player looks through the crack into the throne room, describe the situation there as in area 51 (unless this incident has already taken place, in which case area 51 will be empty). Remember that the mirrors will allow Verminaard to catch sight of the eavesdropper eventually, at which time he will send Ember up to breath fire into the crack.

Although a halfway intelligent hero will be able to avoid the fire by moving to the side, the chain turns bright red, then white from the heat of the blast. Finally, it stretches, snaps, and releases the stone blocking mechanism, sealing the mighty gates for at least a month.

The stairway in the northwest corner of the room climbs to the next level of the tower. Six more levels can be found this way, but all the rooms are dusty and empty.

62. Gate-Blocking Mechanism

> A narrow stone walkway, covered with dust, leads through the length of the Tharkadan wall, high above the ground. To the right, 10' below, are scattered piles of massive granite. To the left, the mighty chain stretches across the darkness. Many chains, only slightly smaller, lead from this massive chain underneath the walkway, apparently connecting somehow with the stone blocks on the right.

At the far end of the walkway (marked "A" on the map), a large screw and winch mechanism can be used to release the chain. This requires a combined strength of 40 to operate, and takes 3-18 rounds to activate.

When the rocks fall, the crashing shakes the foundations of the entire fortress. Anyone in area 63 is killed outright by tons of stone. Area 62 fills with so much dust that movement and vision is impossible for 1-6 rounds.

63. The Great Wall

This area is basically a large corridor that runs the length of the Tharkadan wall. Massive winches operate the mighty gates, requiring a strength of 80 to move. Even then it takes 2 turns to open or close a gate. The north gate is slightly open (a 6' wide crack), while the south gate is shut.

64. Western Hallway

The double doors leading from 63 into this area stand open.

> The walls of this hallway are dirty and bare, and the floor is covered with mud. Several broken chairs and a small table, only two of its four legs intact, are the only furniture. A pair of double doors in the north wall and a single iron door in the west wall are all closed. The double doors look as if they have been hacked with a blade of some kind.

The iron door is locked; the double doors are not. Listening at the iron door reveals low sounds of conversation and occasional laughter.

65. Western Guardroom

> Several ugly guards sit at a table in the center of this long room, playing some kind of gambling game. Two more of the guards are grappling—apparently in practice—at the far end of the room, while another two, swords drawn, rush toward the door!

The eight hobgoblins in this room are charged with guarding the women held in area 66. Seven attack any intruders, fighting to the death while one slips out the back door and tries to get help from the monsters in area 67.

8 Hobgoblins. AL LE; MV 9"; hp 5 each; AC 5; HD 1+1; #AT 1 (longsword) Dmg 1-8

If the escaping hobgoblin is not intercepted, 5 rounds after the heroes enter this room they are be attacked from behind by the 7 Baaz draconians and 6 hobgoblins from room 67.

Scattered on the table are 23 stl, 15 sp, and 2 pp. One hobgoblin carries a ring of keys that opens the doors to this room and room 66, as well as a pouch containing a 300 gpv ruby.

66. Large Prison

All of the doors to this room are made of iron, and are solidly locked. They cannot be smashed open

> A cavernous chamber stretches far off into darkness, but the number of people crowded into it makes the room seem small. Sitting, standing, or lying down, several hundred women turn their attention listlessly toward the door.
>
> Those nearby leap to their feet in surprise; a wave of excitement spreads through the room like a spring breeze. All of the women rush toward the door. A thousand questions fill the air, but no one waits for an answer.

In this room are 287 captive plainswomen. If they are rescued, PCs receive many frantic questions about the children, followed by queries such as "Who are you?" and "Where did you come from?" Since it is likely that some alarms have sounded by this time, the PCs run risks by stopping to answer many of these questions.

Any attempts to smash open the double doors leading outside must be made at -2 on the die roll.

67. Monster Mess Hall

If the heroes have already battled the monsters from this room because the guards from 65 have summoned them, read only the first paragraph of this description.

> This room is dimly lit by a number of flickering fireplaces, and the air is yellow with smoke. Many long tables and benches sit in the shadows, and a stench of foul food and cheap ale fills the air.
>
> Suddenly, scraping sounds of movement erupt from the darkness, followed by gruff challenges and the whisper of swords being drawn. A bench falls over with a crash, and now shadowy figures lunge out of the darkness. Blades upraised, the troops of the Dragonlord charge!

7 Baaz Draconians. AL LE; MV 6"[15"]/18"; hp 11 each; AC 4; HD 2; #AT 1 (shortsword); Dmg 1-6; turn to stone and crumble apart on death

6 Hobgoblins. AL LE; MV 9"; hp 4 each; AC 5; HD 1+1; #AT 1 (longsword); Dmg 1-8

The monsters attack desperately, fighting to the death if necessary. If any of them make it through the door, they try to sound an alarm and alert the fortress.

The stairway in the north of the room climbs to the second floor, which is a huge, empty room that the draconians once used as a barracks. The former residents were the troops that the party saw marching to the north as they approached Pax Tharkas.

A stairway leads from the second to the third, fourth, and fifth floors. Each of these was used as a barracks; each contains 1-20 kapak draconians that somehow got left behind when the army moved out. Treat these as random encounters (see Random Encounter #4 or #21). Nothing of value can be found on any of these upper floors.

68. Western Supply Room

> This is obviously a well-stocked supply room. Many sturdy shelves line the walls, and a wide aisle runs down the center of the room. Four sets of doors give access to the room, and the shelves cover the rest of the wall space.
>
> Stacked on the shelves are hundreds of suits of leather armor, a similar number of shields, rows of heavy boots, cloaks, and capes, and a number of sealed wooden crates and barrels.

The sealed wooden crates contain a mysterious smoked meat (wild dog). The barrels contain oil. If a fire starts here, it spreads with the same smoky effects described in area 44.

69. Kitchen

> This room looks like a large military kitchen that has been ravaged by a tornado. Stale food covers the floor and counters, ashes from the ovens are spread around, and pots and pans lie overturned, spilling sticky garbage over the rest of the mess.

This kitchen served the draconian hordes while they were stationed in the fortress. After cooking the last meal before the army moved out, the hobgoblin servants simply left things as they were.

A deep well, 4' in diameter, sinks through the floor in the north end of the room. The water is 20' below, and it is quite drinkable. This is the second of the wells that can be used to support the garrison in times of siege.

70. Armory

The double doors to this room are made of thick timbers and are solidly locked. Any character trying to smash them must have a -2 on his "open doors" roll.

Row after row of wooden racks cover this room. Although most of these racks are empty, a few chipped swords, broken spears, and rusty daggers show that this is an armory. Many thousands of weapons could easily be stored in here, if the racks were filled.

If the players try to gather some weapons here, they find that most of those remaining are unuseable. They will, however, be able to pick up 23 shortswords, 8 longswords, 108 spear heads (no shafts), and 60 daggers. All of these are somewhat rusty, but may be cleaned up and used.

The Tharkadan Mines

Areas 71-73 are not in the fortress proper, but have been excavated from the mountainsides south of Pax Tharkas. They represent an important part of the Dragonlords' operations in the region.

If the heroes leave Pax Tharkas to the south, read the following passage:

A narrow mountain valley winds steeply down to the south. In the eastern wall of this valley are the mouths of two large caves. From these caves, several narrow and treacherous trails wind up the slope to a gaping scar on the mountainside, two hundred feet above.

A band of dull red streaks the rocky surface of the scar, while hundreds of human-like figures toil to scrape the rock away and reveal more of the rusty red material. This is the fabled Tharkadan iron mine.

If the heroes talk to the miners before they rescue the children, either disguised as women or by sneaking up here at night, they discover that the the miners are slaves, and that the slaves are very lightly guarded: since the children are held under the watchful eyes of Flamestrike, the Dragonlord has very little fear that they will escape.

Indeed, no prisoner is willing to join any risky undertakings without assurances that all the women and children are safe.

71. Smelter and Mill

This deep cavern has a huge entrance, about 80' wide and 20' tall. Acrid, sulphurous smoke billows in the chamber and drifts out to the valley. Gully dwarves scramble to and fro in their usual hectic fashion, although there seems to be a bit more organization than usual.

Many of the Aghar use huge hammers to smash red rock into gravel. Every few minutes, another batch of rock falls through a hole in the ceiling, and the Aghar attack it fiercely. Other Aghar carry the pulverized rock across the cave, to huge vats that sit atop smoky fires.

Great bellows feed air to these fires, while gully dwarves pile on coal. The sulphurous smoke belches from the vats in great, yellow clouds. Although the Aghar work furiously, there is no sign of draconian or other masters.

This is the processing plant for the iron ore that the slaves mine on the Tharkadan slopes. Although the gully dwarves are unsupervised, they will not stop working for anything short of a cave-in: they have been threatened with death if they do not produce a high quota of iron.

72. Slave Quarters

This huge cave is deserted now, but the floor is virtually covered with dirty straw pallets. Several fire scars dot the interior, and some rotten wooden buckets leak dirty water onto the floor. Any unfortunate souls that live here put up with hardship indeed.

This is home for all the male prisoners from the north. They are at the mine, as they are for 16-18 hours a day. There is nothing of value in this cave.

73. Mine

Hundreds of sweating, muscular men toil across this great strip of mountainside, raising picks or pushing shovels to scrape a rusty red ore from the earth. Several dozen draconians are scattered about the area, but they seem to be taking little interest in their prisoners. After all, with their women and children safely locked in mighty Pax Tharkas, these men can ill afford any thoughts of escape!

When they have collected a great pile of ore, the slaves drag it on pallets across the mountainside to a hole directly above the smelting cavern. Other slaves shovel the ore into the hole, where it lands among the gully dwarves below.

There are 310 men working here. If the slaves see their loved ones brought from Pax Tharkas, they turn on their guards and slay them easily. Running down the narrow trail to the bottom, they soon rejoin their families and begin rejoicing. Despite the pleas of PCs, the people insist on locating those closest to them, a process that takes 15 or 20 minutes. Elistan will take charge of organizing the exodus.

Epilogue

Escape from Pax Tharkas

If the heroes have rescued the women and children, Flamestrike will be battering against the barred doors, the men will have rushed down from the mines, and the thousands of troops that marched out of the fortress to the north will be rushing back to answer the alarms. The mass of people, around 800 of them, should be collected on the southern side of the great fortress.

At this time, read the following passage:

Suddenly, with a splintering crash, the double doors holding Flamestrike fly outward. The great beast slithers out of the tower toward the crowd of prisoners.

"My children! You shall not have my children!" Her voice is shrill and strained. "Leave me my children!" she demands, lumbering down the gradual slope.

Now another great crimson shape appears, flying. Bellowing a challenge, a second huge red dragon lands on the mighty Tharkadan wall. On its back is the imposing figure of the Dragonlord Verminaard, still concealed by the fearsome mask. His voice booms through the valley.

"This is the final insult! I have tolerated your impudence far too long.. .slaves are cheap and plentiful. Now you pay for your foolish daring!" As the people scream and turn to flee down the valley, his evil voice picks up more power: "Now, I destroy you! *I destroy your wives! I destroy your children!"*

As Ember leaps from the wall, Flamestrike pauses in her advance. Confusion shakes her as she looks from the children to the great engine of death above her. Suddenly, her dim eyes take on clear focus as she makes a decision.

Curling her long neck upwards, Flamestrike sends forth a horrifying spout of fire, straight at the flying dragon and the Dragonlord. With a scream, Verminaard is engulfed in the glowing cloud, and his dragon-steed bellows in pain. Quickly, the two dragons lock in a fearsome melee, thrashing their mighty bodies across the valley and bringing boulders tumbling from the mountainsides.

If the heroes take advantage of this diversion, they can lead the band down the valley and out of sight of the fortress while the two dragons struggle. Verminaard will barely survive the fight, and it will be 12 hours before he sends his army after the escapees. If the heroes have succeeded in dropping the gate- blocking mechanism, it is 4 days before he is able to send an army.

If the heroes make good their escape at this time, read to them from the following passage.

> The autumn sun disappears behind a mountain ridge, as 800 people huddle among a cheery grove of tall pines. Tired and hungry, they are nonetheless happy for their nearly miraculous escape.
>
> This small side valley should provide shelter for the night from any draconians that have been sent on the hunt. No doubt fresh problems will arise tomorrow, but for now the plainsmen are safe.
>
> The biting chill of the wind brings warnings of the winter that is soon to come. The wilderness yields little food, but many mouths need to be fed. The great silver moon rises and the stars blink into sight.

The heroes may easily locate skilled teachers among the rescued prisoners. This will enable all fighters, magic-users, and thieves to gain a level of experience automatically. Multi-classed characters must choose one class to advance.

Clerics who have learned of Mishakal may gain a level by meditating and praying to that benevolent deity or another of the true gods of Krynn. These gods were revealed by the disks of Mishakal. If the party has not played DL1, assume that the clerics serve Mishakal.

appendices

Appendix: 1: Random Encounters

Table 1: Encounter Frequency Table

AREA	FREQ.	DISTANCE	TABLE 2 RANGE
Town	1/3	1-6"(30-180')	1-4(1d4)
Ruins	1/3	1-6"(30-180')	3-10(1d8+2)
Plains	4/day	1-100" (30-3000')	7-14(1d8+6)
Mountains	6/day	1-20"(30-600')	9-16(1d8+8)
Sla-Mori	1/3	1-6" (30-180')	16-19(1d4+15)
Pax Tharkas	1/3	1-6"	20-25(1d6+19)

Encounters take place on a roll of 1 on 1d10. To determine the type of creature encountered, consult Table 1, roll the appropriate die and add the modifier listed on the Table 2 Range. Compare the result to Table 2.

Table 2: Random Encounter Table

These monsters, creatures, or men fight to the death unless the text states otherwise.

1. 2-12 Townsmen. AL varies; MV 12"; AC 8; HD 1; #AT 1 (shortsword); Dmg 1-6

Not hostile, but do their best to be left alone. Will flee if attacked.

2. 2-8 Baaz Draconians. AL LE; MV 6"[15"]/18"; AC 4; HD 2; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-8 or 1-4/1-4; turn to stone and crumble on death
3. 1-4 Wild Dogs. AL N; MV 15"; AC 7; HD 1+1; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4

These are weak and hungry, and they will be friendly if fed.

4. 2-12 Kapak Draconians. AL LE; MV 6"[15"]/18"; AC 4; HD 3; #AT 1 (shortsword); Dmg 1-6 + poison; turn to acid pool on death
5. 3-18 Goblins. AL LE; MV 6"; AC 6; HD 1-1; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6

These creatures challenge and try to bully the party. If half of them are wounded, however, they turn and run.

6. 2-24 Giant Centipedes. AL N; MV 15"; AC 9; HD 1/4; #AT 1; Dmg poison (save at -4)
7. 2-26 Baaz Draconians. AL LE; MV 6"[15"]/18"; AC 4; HD 3; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-8 or 1-4/1-4; turn to stone and crumble on death
8. 7-16 Hobgoblins. AL LE; MV 9"; AC 5; HD 1+1; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8

Will retreat when 1/2 or more have been killed.

9. 1 Wyvern. AL NE; MV 6"/24"; AC 3; HD 7+7; #AT 2; Dmg 2-161 1-6 + poison

This creature will try to carry off 1 NPC (chosen at random); if no NPC is with the party, the wyvern goes after a PC (again at random).

10. 1-3 Trolls. AL CE; MV 12"; AC 4; HD 6+6; #AT 3; Dmg 5-8/5-8/2-12; regenerate 3 hp/round
11. 3-30 Elk. AL N; MV 18"; AC 8 HD 3; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4

Will run away from the party.

12. 1-6 Wights. AL LE; MV 12"; AC 5; HD 4+3; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4 + energy drain
13. 2-8 Dire Wolves. AL NE; MV 18"; AC 6; HD 3+3; #AT 1; Dmg 2-8

Will retreat when half or more are killed.

14. 1-2 Griffons. AL N; MV 12"/30"; AC 3; HD 7; #AT 3; Dmg 1-4/1-4/2-16

Desperate for food, these creatures will try to kill a horse or a PC (at random), then carry off their prey.

15. 1-6 Giant Rams. AL N; MV 15"; AC 6: HD 4; #AT 1; Dmg 2-12

Only one of the group is actually a ram. The others are ewes. He will fight to the death, while the others flee.

16. 2-20 Zombies. AL NE; MV 6"; AC 8; HD 2; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8
17. 2-8 Carrion Crawlers. AL N; MV 12; AC 3/7; HD 3+1; #AT 8; Dmg paralysis
18. 1 Wraith. AL LE; MV 12"/24"; AC 4; HD 5+3; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 + energy drain
19. 2-12 Giant Wasps. AL N; MV 6"/21"; AC 4; HD 4; #AT 2; Dmg 1-81 1-4 + poison
20. 2-12 Baaz Draconians. AL LE; MV 6"[15"]/18"; AC 4; HD 3; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-8 or 1-4/1-4
21. 3-10 Kapak Draconians. AL LE; MV 6"[15"]/18"; AC 4; HD 3; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 + poison
22. 3-12 Hobgoblins. AL LE; MV 9"; AC 5: HD 1+1; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8
23. 2-16 Goblins. AL LE; MV 6"; AC 6; HD 1-1; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6
24. 2-8 War Dogs. AL NE; MV 12"; AC 6; HD 2+2; #AT 1; Dmg 2-8

If PCs feed these animals, they take the food and run away. Otherwise, they attack and fight to the death.

25. 1-4 Aghar. AL CN; MV 12"; AC 7; HD 2 #AT 1; Dmg 1-6

Try to bully the party, but run upon receiving one wound.

Appendix: 2: Monsters, Creatures, and Men

	BAA2	KAPAK
FREQUENCY:	*Uncommon*	*Uncommon*
# APPEARING:	*2-20*	*2-20*
ARMOR CLASS:	*4*	*4*
MOVE:	*6"/[15]/18"*	*6"/[15"]/18"*
HIT DICE:	*2*	*3*
IN LAIR:	*5%*	*15%*
TREASURE TYPE:	*J,K,L,U*	*K L M*
ATTACKS:	*1 or 2*	*1*
DAMAGE/ATTACKS:	*1-4/1-4*	*1-4 + poison*
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	*None*	*Acid pool*
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	*None*	*None*
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	*20%*	*20%*
INTELLIGENCE:	*Average*	*Average*
ALIGNMENT:	*Lawful Evil*	*Lawful Evil (some Chaotic)*
SIZE:	*M* (5- *½ ft.)*	*M (6ft)*
PSIONIC ABILITY:	*Nil*	*Nil*
Modes:	*Nil/Nil*	*Nil/Nil*
XP:	81 + *2/hp*	*105 +3/hp*

Draconians, or dragonmen, are the basic troops of the dragonlords. Their origins are unknown to anyone in this section of Krynn. Of the four known types of draconians, two appear to the party during this part of the adventure.

All draconians have wings, but neither the Baaz nor the Kapak can truly fly for more than one round. All draconians have three movement rates: walking; running on all fours while pushing through the air with wings; and gliding. To move at the second rate of speed, they must use all four limbs and have their wings free to move. Draconians prefer to charge this way, carrying their weapons in their teeth. They can glide from any height, and glide a distance 4 times greater than the height from which they launch.

Baaz. These draconians are generally the smallest of the species, and thus the easiest to pass off as humans. As the bottom of the draconian social order, they serve all other ranks of dragonmen. However, because of a quirk in their origins, these draconians often tend to be chaotic in nature and very self-serving when they can get away with it.

Baaz are often encountered in disguise. They can conceal their wings under robes and, wearing a large hood and mask, can pass through civilized lands as spies. Dragonlords often use the Baaz in this manner just before an invasion.

When a Baaz reaches 0 hit points, he turns at once into what appears to be a metallic statue. If a PC deals this a blow with a melee weapon, he must make a dexterity check at -3 or his weapon will be stuck in the now-metallic draconian. In any event, the statue crumbles to dust within 1-4 melee rounds after the draconian's death, freeing any weapon stuck in it. While a weapon is stuck in a dead Baaz, it cannot be used. Note that only the body of the Baaz turns to metal and then crumbles: armor and weapons it carries are unaffected and may be used by others after the draconian turns to dust.

Kapak. Kapak draconians are distinguished by their venomous saliva, which will paralyze any creature failing a save vs. poison for 2-12 turns. They often lick the blades of their weapons (commonly shortswords) before combat, envenoming them for 3 rounds. A Kapak takes 1 full round to poison the blade again after the first venom has worn off.

Kapaks are larger than Baaz, and consequently bully and abuse their smaller cousins. The Dragonlords try to keep different types of draconians separated in order to prevent this trouble from arising.

When a Kapak draconian falls to 0 hit points, is body immediately turns to acid and spreads into a 10' diameter pool on the ground. Any character in the area where the Kapak died will take 1-8 points of damage per round from this acid. The caustic liquid will dissolve wood and leather at the rate of 1" per round. Weapons, clothing, and other possessions of the Kapak will be ruined by the acid.

AGHAR (GULLY DWARVES)

FREQUENCY *Rare*
#APPEARING: *1-4 (2-20)*
ARMOR CLASS: *by armor type*
MOVE: *12"*
HIT DICE: *varies (1-4)*
% IN LAIR: *45%*
TREASURE TYPE: *25% J*
ATTACKS: *1 or 2*
DAMAGE/ATTACK: *weapon or 1-4/1-4 (fist/bite)*
SPECIAL ATTACKS: *none*
SPECIAL DEFENSES: *Save at 2 levels higher*
MAGIC RESISTANCE: *Standard*
INTELLIGENCE: *Low*
ALIGNMENT *Chaotic Neutral*
SIZE: *S (3'-5')*
PSIONIC ABILITY: *Nil*
Attack/Defense Modes: *Nil/Nil*
X.P.: *14 + 1/hp; 28 +2/hp; 50 +3/hp; 85 +4/hp*

Aghar are the lowest class in the Dwarven caste system—indeed, most Mountain Dwarves say that they aren't even part of any caste. These raggedly clothed dwarves vary in skin color from parchment to mottled to olive. Their hair is as unkempt as their clothing. Their health is generally bad and their bodies bear sores, scars and callouses.

Though humans think they are comical, Aghar are a disgusting race whose motto is "do anything, no matter how mean, to survive." Occasionally, a decent, moral Aghar can be found, but those are very rare. Aghar believe that magic is a sham that deserves to be exposed.

Gully dwarves generally tend toward weak constitution and low intelligence but have above average dexterity. Despite their almost total inability to put two thoughts together, the Aghar have excellent memories of all that they see and hear. This makes them a great source of raw, untapped information.

Appendix: 3: Treasures and Tomes

WYRMSLAYER

Two handed sword, +3

This weapon does double normal damage when used against a dragon or draconian. (Determine damage as usual, and double the total.) It is immune to the imprisoning effect when a Baaz draconian turns to stone. Whoever holds Wyrmslayer by the hilt gains a +3 on all saves vs. Breath weapons or against any spells cast by dragons or draconians.

Wyrmslayer has the strange tendency to give off a loud buzzing noise when within 30' of a true dragon (not a draconian). This buzzing always wakes a sleeping dragon.

NIGHTBRINGER

Footman's Mace, +3

Nightbringer is a potent tool of evil, and is the favored weapon of the Dragonlord Verminaard. When the mace strikes a victim as its wielder utters the command word "Midnight," the victim must save vs. Spells or become blind for 2-12 turns (-4 to all attacks; no dexterity or shield bonus to AC).

If a character of good alignment tries to pick up Nightbringer by the hilt, that character must save vs. Spells with a -2 penalty. Failure to save means the character is blinded permanently, or until a cure *blindness* spell is used.

Canticle of the Dragon

Out of the darkness of dragons,
out of our cries for light
in the blank face of the black moon soaring,
a banked light flared in Solamnia,
a knight of truth and of power,
who called down the gods themselves
and forged the mighty Dragonlance, piercing the soul
of dragonkind, driving the shade of their wings
from the brightening shores of Krynn.

Paladine, the Great God of Good
shone at the side of Huma,
strengthening the lance of his strong right arm,
and Huma, ablaze in a thousand moons,
banished the Queen of Darkness,
banished the swarm of her shrieking hosts
back to the senseless kingdom of death, where their curses
swooped upon nothing and nothing
deep below the brightening land.

Thus ended in thunder the Age of Dreams
and began the Age of Might,
When Istar, kingdom of light and truth, arose in the east,
where minarets of white and gold
spired to the sun and to the sun's glory,
announcing the passing of evil,
and Istar, who mothered and cradled the long summers of good,
shone like a meteor
in the white skies of the just.

Yet in the fullness of sunlight
the Kingpriest of Istar saw shadows:
At night he saw the trees as things with daggers, the streams
blackened and thickened under the silent moon.
He searched books for the paths of Huma
for scrolls, signs, and spells
so that he, too, might summon the gods, might find
their aid in his holy aims,
might purge the world of sin.

Then came the time of dark and death
as the gods turned from the world.
A mountain of fire crashed like a comet through Istar,
the city split like a skull in the flames,
mountains burst from once-fertile valleys,
seas poured into the graves of mountains,
the deserts sighed on abandoned floors of the seas,
the highways of Krynn erupted
and became the paths of the dead.

Thus began the Age of Despair.
The roads were tangled.
The winds and the sandstorms dwelt in the husks of cities,
The plains and mountains became our home.
As the old gods lost their power,
we called to the blank sky
into the cold, dividing gray to the ears of new gods.
The sky is calm, silent, unmoving.
We had yet to hear their answer.

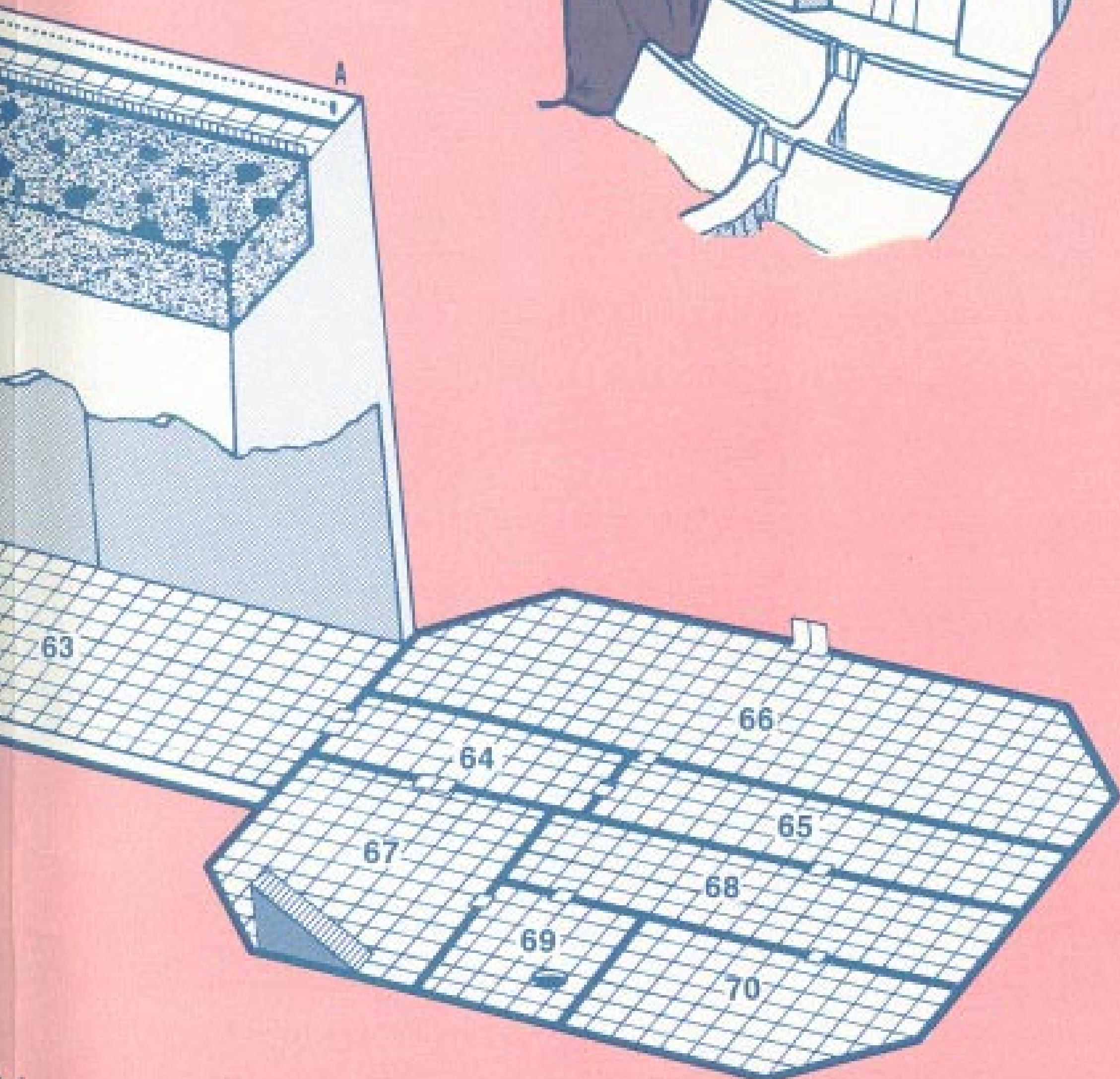
Then to the east, to the Sunken City
scarred in its loss of blue light,
came the Heroes, the Innfellows, heirs to the burdens,
out of their tunnels and their arching forests,
out of the lowness of plains, the lowness
of huts in the valleys,
the stunned farms under the warlords and darkness.
They came serving the light,
the covered flames of healing and grace.

From there, pursued by the armies,
the cold and glittering legions, they came
bearing the staff to the arms of the shattered city,
where below the weeds and the birdcall,
below the vallenwood, below forever,
below the riding darkness itself,
a hole in the darkness called to the source of the light,
drawing all light to the core of light,
to the first fullness of its godly dazzle.

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harkas

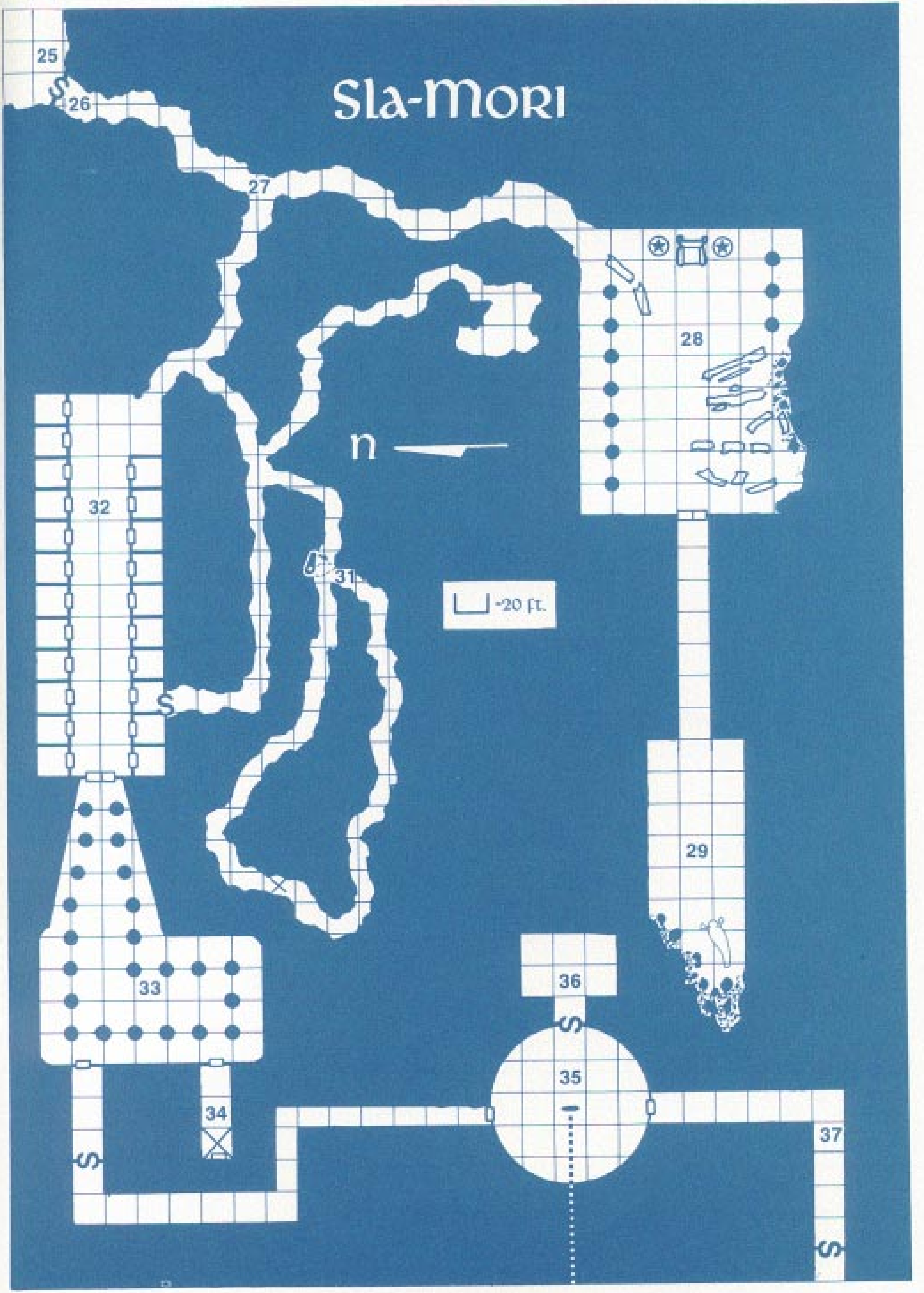


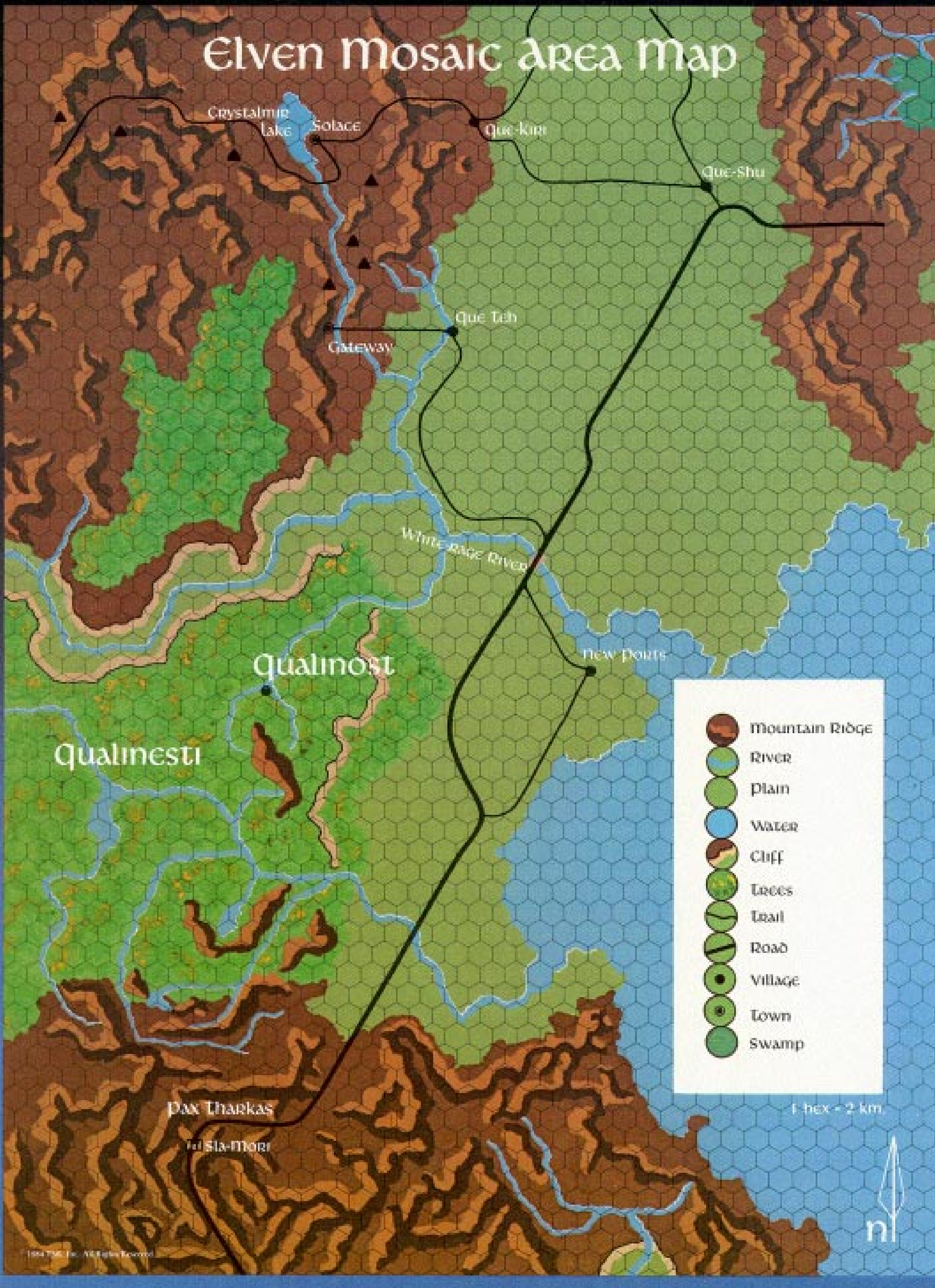


V

- Door
- Secret Door
- Column
- Fallen Column
- Giant Slug
- Rubble
- Chain
- Closing Wall
- Trap
- Railing
- -10 ft.

Sla-Mori




Elven Mosaic Area Map
Crystalmir lake
Solace
Que-kiri
Que-Shu
Que Teh
Gateway
White Rage River
New Ports
Qualinost
Qualinesti
Pax Tharkas
Sla-Mori
Mountain Ridge
River
Plain
Water
Cliff
Trees
Trail
Road
Village
Town
Swamp
1 hex = 2 km.
n

Advanced Dungeons & Dragons

DRAGONLANCE™

Official Game Adventure

Dragons of Flame

by Douglas Niles

The dragonmen have taken Solace. Its beautiful tree houses lie black and battered amid the stumps of great vallenwood trees. Kapak Draconians, armed with poisoned weapons, enforce a brutal martial law on the survivors.

And Solace is only one outpost: the dragonarmies control the plains. Only the elven kingdom of Qualinesti stands unconquered. The rest of the plainsmen suffer the most: a long slave caravan hauls hundreds of them to the fortress prison of Pax Tharkas.

"Dragons of Flame" is the second in TSR's new series of DRACiONLANCE™ adventures for use with the ADVANCED DUNGEONS & DRAGONS® game system. Your players will adventure in the world of Krynn and visit strange places such as Qualinost or the Sla-Mori, encountering bizarre draconians and disgusting Aghar. They can play the modules as a set of separate adventures or as a great quest that spans the entire DRAGONLANCE™ story.

An Adventure for Character Levels 5-7

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